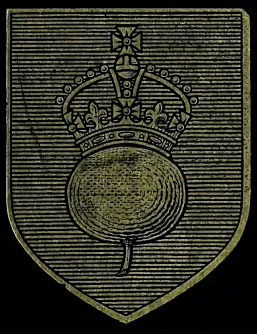

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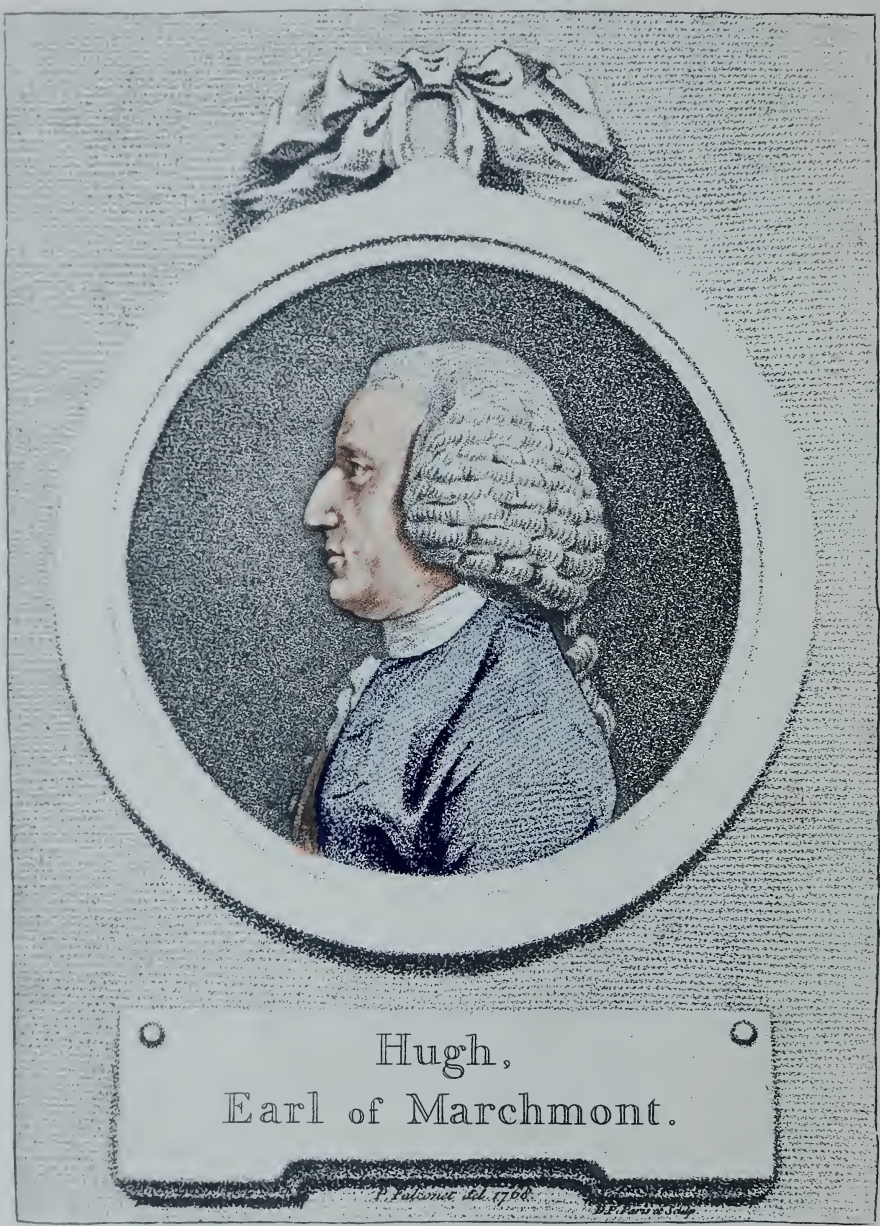
MARCHMONT

AND

THE HUMES OF POLWARTH



Hugh,
Earl of Marchmont.

P. Falconet del. 1766.

MARCHMONT

AND

THE HUMES OF POLWARTH

BY

ONE OF THEIR DESCENDANTS

"True to the end"

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCXCIV

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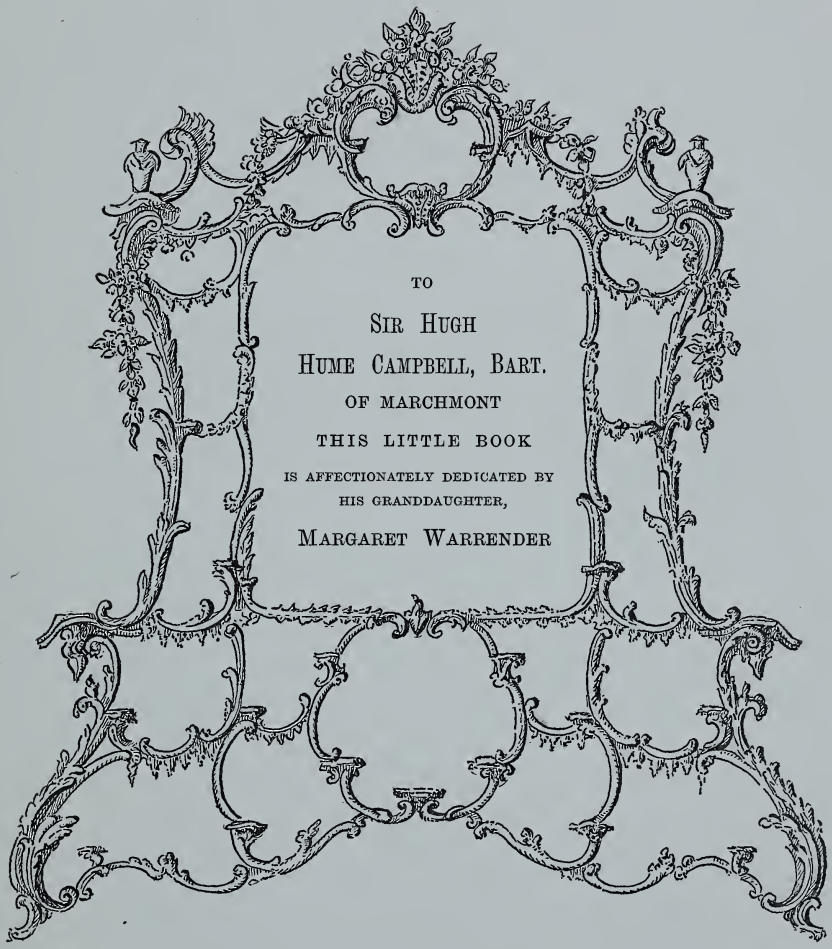
TO
SIR HUGH
HUME CAMPBELL, BART.
OF MARCHMONT
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
HIS GRANDDAUGHTER,
MARGARET WARRENDER

CONTENTS.

PAGE

MARCHMONT AND THE HUMES OF POLWARTH—

CHAPTER I.

Situation of Polwarth parish—The village of Polwarth-on-the-Green—St Mungo's Fair—Derivation of Polwarth—The Black Well—Polwarth thorn-tree—Modern version of "Polwarth on the Green"—Polwarth church and churchyard—Vicissitudes of the old parish church—Its restoration by the Marchmont family—The frightening bell—The early Polwarths—The family of Home—"The Flyting betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart"—The barony of Jedburgh, . 1

CHAPTER II.

Sir Patrick Hume, eighth Baron of Polwarth—His marriage—His daughter, Lady Grisell Baillie—His imprisonment in the Tolbooth—The projected Caroline settlement—The Ryehouse Plot—Sir Patrick Hume in hiding—Heroism of Lady Grisell Baillie—Sir Patrick flees to Holland—Confiscation of the Polwarth estates—The Polwarth family in exile—Their return at the Revolution of 1688—Restoration of their estates—

Kingly favours showered on the family—Sketch of the history of Greenlaw—Its erection into a barony—The ancient Castle of Greenlaw—The church of Greenlaw, . . . 27

CHAPTER III.

Continued prosperity of the Marchmont family—Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont, appointed King's High Commissioner—His apartments at Holyrood—The Castle of Redbraes—Family portraits at Marchmont—Death of King William III.—Change in the family fortunes—The Treaty of Union—End of Lord Marchmont's parliamentary life—Death of Lady Marchmont—Her character—Lord Polwarth's second marriage—"Bonnie Jean o' the Hirsel"—Death of Lord Polwarth—Marriage of Mrs Murray—Unhappy issue of the marriage—Her residence in England—Her friendship with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and with Lady Hervey—Her death, ... 51

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Marchmont's attachment to the house of Hanover—Devoted conduct of his daughter, Lady Grisell—Lord Polwarth at Copenhagen—Colin Maclaurin tutor to the Master of Polwarth—Latter years and death of Lord Marchmont—Different estimates of his character—His advice to his children—Holland revisited—Death of Lord Binning—Death of Lady Grisell Baillie—Her songs, ... 71

CHAPTER V.

Alexander, second Earl of Marchmont—His studies at Utrecht—Return to Scotland with his family—His marriage—His accession to the Scottish Bench as Lord Cessnock—Becomes Lord Polwarth—Honours conferred on him by the House of

Hanover—Aids in the suppression of Lord Mar's rising—Becomes Ambassador at the Court of Denmark—His love of Literature—Appointed First Ambassador to the Congress of Cambray—Death of his wife, Margaret, Lady Polwarth—His return home—His downfall—His death and character—His twin sons—Perplexing resemblance between the two, . 80

CHAPTER VI.

Careers of the twin brothers—Intimacy of the elder, Lord Polwarth, with Pope—Becomes executor to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—His triumphs in the House of Commons—Succeeds to title of Lord Marchmont—Takes his seat in the Upper House—Made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland—His first wife—His second marriage—Letter from Lord Bolingbroke on the birth of a son and heir—Building of new house—Marriage of his son, Lord Polwarth—Death of Lord Polwarth—Marriage of Lady Anne—History of Eccles House—Sir John Paterson—Deadrigs Cross—Orange Lane—Marriage of Lady Diana to Walter Scott of Harden—Return of young Mr Scott as member for the county—Disastrous results of the political triumph—Lord Marchmont's latter years at Hemel Hempstead—His relations—Lady Anne Purves, and her anecdotes of the Marchmont family—Mr George Rose—Death of Lord Marchmont—Final settlement of his estates—Succession of Sir William Purves—The library at Marchmont—Sir Walter Scott's recollections of Lady Diana Scott—The barony of Polwarth, 91

CHAPTER VII.

Description of the country round Polwarth village—The Craw's Entry—The Back Lea—Polwarth Common—Kyles Hill—The Hule Moss—The Foul Fords—Tragic occurrence at the Foul Fords—Site of the struggle, ... 119

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY OF MARCHMONT, . . 129

PEDIGREE OF THE HUMES OF POLWARTH, . . 179-180

APPENDIX—

I. THE COUNTESS OF MARCHMONT'S BILLS OF FARE, . . 183

II. TWO SONGS OF LADY GRISELL BAILLIE, ... 187

III. LETTERS—

GEORGE I. TO THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, . . . 190

CAROLINE PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA, 190

CAROLINE PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, 191

IV. VERSES TO THE EARL OF MARCHMONT ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, ... 192

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

		PAGE
HUGH, THIRD EARL OF MARCHMONT,	*From a contemporary Print,*	*Frontispiece*
MIRROR OVER DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE AT MARCHMONT,	.	*Dedication*
BOOKPLATE OF PATRICK, FIRST EARL OF MARCHMONT,	. . .	xiv
ARMS OF POLWARTH, HUME, AND SINCLAIR,	. . . .	1
SITE OF THE OLD CASTLE OF POLWARTH,	*From a Sketch,* . .	26
PATRICK, FIRST EARL OF MARCHMONT,	*From the Portrait at Marchmont by Sir Godfrey Kneller,* .	27
LANTERN CARRIED BY LADY GRISELL BAILLIE,	. . . .	50
REDBRAES CASTLE, . . .	*From an old Picture at Marchmont,*	53
ELIZABETH, LADY POLWARTH. .	*From a Portrait at Marchmont,* .	55
GRISELL, COUNTESS OF MARCHMONT,	*From the Portrait at Marchmont by Sir Godfrey Kneller,* .	60
POLWARTH CHURCH, . .	*From a Sketch,* . . .	70
BAILLIE ARMS, . . .	. . . . .	79
ALEXANDER, SECOND EARL OF MARCHMONT,	. *From a Portrait at Marchmont,* .	80
MARGARET, LADY POLWARTH, .	" " " .	84
HUGH AND ALEXANDER, TWIN SONS OF ALEXANDER, SECOND EARL OF MARCHMONT,	" " " .	88

HAMMERED-IRON BALUSTRADE, WITH CYPHER OF ALEXANDER, SECOND EARL OF MARCHMONT, ... 90
ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF MARCHMONT, *From a Portrait at Marchmont,* 98
ALEXANDER, LORD POLWARTH, . " " " . 101
MARCHMONT HOUSE, ... 114
CROSS AT DEADRIGS, NEAR ECCLES, ... 118
PANEL DESIGNED BY ADAMS FOR THE LIBRARY AT MARCHMONT, . 125
BOOKPLATE OF ALEXANDER, SECOND EARL, THEN SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL OF CESSNOCK, ... 126
BOOKPLATE OF ALEXANDER, SECOND EARL, WHEN LORD POLWARTH, . 128
LADY ANNE PURVES, . . *From a Miniature,* . . 129
BOOKPLATE OF ALEXANDER, SECOND EARL OF MARCHMONT, . . 182

The Right Hon.ble Patrick Hume Earl of Marchmont Viscount of Blasonbarry Lord Polwarth of Polwarth &c. Lord High Chancelor of Scotland

MARCHMONT

AND

THE HUMES OF POLWARTH.

CHAPTER I.

"At Polwart on the Green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete—
The lad and lover you."

—Allan Ramsay.

THE little parish of Polwarth lies in the heart of Berwickshire, midway between Duns and Greenlaw. It contains 3012 acres, and—with one exception, Eyemouth—is the smallest parish in the county, and the entire property of the owner of Marchmont. Four families—

Polwarth, Sinclair, Hume, and Purves-Hume-Campbell—have succeeded each other in this fair heritage, and with their history its own is inseparably connected.

The long brown slopes of Lammermuir seem to pause before making a rapid descent into the Merse, and the wooded crest of Kyles Hill looks boldly forth across the wide expanse of plain that sweeps to the foot of Cheviot; and there—where the heather ceases, and the rich grass fields run up among the sheltering plantations — nestles the little village, which for centuries has been known as Polwarth-on-the-Green. It is a singularly picturesque spot. Backed by a narrow strip of wood, where the rowan-berries hang like bunches of coral every autumn, the irregularly shaped Green slopes gently to the north. There are no formal rows of houses; ash-trees of great size and immense age overhang the thatched cottages which are dotted about in groups of twos and threes. Each has its garden, bright with flowers; while interspersed among them are little hedged-in paddocks, where generally a pony is grazing. There are only about twenty inhabited cottages now, for the village is dwindling away; but within the memory of persons still alive, there were nearly double the number. Following the traditional Scottish custom, whereby the inhabitants of a village all embraced the same trade, handing it down from father to son, the people of Polwarth were formerly shoemakers,

tanning their leather in the little stream that runs past their doors. "The Polwarth folk winna marry oot o' their ain parish" was the country saying about them, and from generation to generation the same family names are found there. Long, long ago the village claimed such importance that St Mungo's Fair was held there twice a-year, summer and winter; and traders came from far and wide to display their wares on the Green. The fair lasted for two days, on the first of which horses and cattle changed hands, while the second was devoted to ordinary merchandise. Tradition relates that after one of these fairs a quarrel took place between two packmen; and the one slew the other on the hill-slope to the south-east of Polwarth, which to this day is called The Packman's Brae. The murdered man was buried where he fell, and the stone that marks his resting-place may still be seen in the hedge to the west of the road.

The name of the village was anciently written *Poulworth*, *Paulworth*, and *Polworth*. Chalmers in his 'Caledonia' derives it from *Pol-worth*, the hamlet on the muddy stream (*Pul* in the Cambro-British, and *Pol* in the Gaelic, signifying a muddy stream, a marshy place; and *worth* or *weorth* in the Saxon tongue, a hamlet, farmstead, or village). After rain the Swirden burn (or the Kirk burn, as it is called lower down), in common with every little stream in the parish, runs a deep red colour,

owing to the clayey nature of the soil. This would make Chalmers's derivation appear very probable. Other writers have traced the name to *Paul-worth*—the settlement of Paul—but they do not attempt to unveil the identity of Paul. The village is of great antiquity, and in 1587 was made a baronial burgh.

From a little knowe behind the smithy gushes the Black Well, to which tradition ascribes the same virtues as to the Fountain of Trevi,—he who drinks here once is bound to return. Far more picturesque were the wells on the Green, their cool, dark depths protected from the sun by the arched mounds built over them, grass-covered above, and within fringed with ferns. Close by, surrounded by a railing, stand two large thorn-trees, offshoots of that original tree blown down about fifty years ago, in which the earliest traditions of the village centred. Its fame came down from a time so remote that all memory has been lost of the origin of its luck-bringing powers. Already in the sixteenth century it was a well-known landmark, as appears from the line—

"In a pit by Polwart-thorn,"

which occurs in that curious poem, "The Flyting betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart." A hundred years earlier it had witnessed the triumphant return of the captive heiresses, and the wedding dance had circled beneath its

shade; and down to the present time there has been no occasion of rejoicing in Polwarth with which it has not been associated. It is alluded to also in the lines owing to which Polwarth-on-the-Green is enshrined in every collection of Scottish song; and though Allan Ramsay's verses—the first of which is quoted at the head of this chapter—are of no great antiquity, he acknowledges to having grafted them on the two first lines,—

> "At Polwart on the Green
> If you'll meet me the morn,"—

which, wedded to an air equally ancient, were by some unknown poet of a much older date.

At the beginning of this century, another version of "Polwarth on the Green" was written by John Grieve, that early friend of the Ettrick Shepherd to whom "Mador of the Moor" is dedicated:—

> "'Twas summer tide; the cushat sang
> His am'rous roundelay;
> And dew, like clustered diamonds, hang
> On flower and leafy spray.
> The coverlet of gloaming grey
> On everything was seen,
> When lads and lassies took their way
> To Polwarth on the Green.
>
> The spirit-moving dance went on,
> And harmless revelry
> Of young hearts all in unison
> Wi' love's soft witcherie;

Their hall the open-daisied lea,
While frae the welkin sheen
The moon shone brightly on the glee
At Polwarth on the Green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
And cheeks of rosy hue,
And finer form, without compare,
Than pencil ever drew;
But ane, wi' een o' bonnie blue,
A' hearts confessed the queen,
And pride of grace and beauty too,
At Polwarth on the Green.

The miser hoards his golden store,
And kings dominion gain;
While others in the battle's roar
For honour's trifles strain.
Away such pleasures, false and vain!
For dearer mine have been,
Among the lowly, rural train
At Polwarth on the Green."

Another favourite rhyme of unknown origin runs thus:—

"At Polwart on the Green
We oft hae merry been,
And merry we'll be still
While stands the Kylie's hill;
And round the corn-bing
We'll hae a canty fling;
And round about the Thorn
We'll dance till grey-e'ed morn
Shall lift her drowsy bree
On mountain, vale, and lea.

At Polwart on the Green
Our forebears oft were seen
To dance about the Thorn,
When they gat in their corn;
Sae we their sons wha be,
Shall keep the ancient glee,
Nor let the gree gang doun
While Polwart is a toun."

The crows fly round the wooded knowe, some three-quarters of a mile to the south-east of the village, where, half hidden among the trees, the church stands at the top of a steep bank rising straight above the burn. A low moss-grown wall bounds the tiny churchyard — so small that the afternoon sun throws the shadows of the sycamores right across it. Here and there the eye lights on some freshly hewn memorial, with its inscription telling of present sorrow and future hopes; but most of the low irregular head-stones are weather-worn and lichen-stained, revealing little but the outline of a cherub's head or of a mutilated scroll. Among them, but barely legible, is the quaint epitaph on Mr Greig, factor to the first Earl of Marchmont :—

"1699.
Remember, man, as thou goest by,
As thou art now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must thee be;
Remember, man, that thou must die."

The ivy creeps up the church tower, and has long ago

hidden the sun-dial; it now threatens to bury the sculptured arms which proclaim that it was Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, and Grisell Ker his wife, who built the tower and restored the church. Long before they accomplished their pious work this had been hallowed ground; and the voice of prayer had ascended from this spot ere ever the mighty ash-tree hard by was a sapling, or the seeds had ripened from which those gnarled sycamores had sprung. Ten centuries have passed since the pious zeal of those far-distant days dedicated a church here to St Mungo, the "Beloved Saint," the memory of whose miracles and blameless life was still fresh in the land.[1] Since then many strange vicissitudes have befallen it. Too near the Borders to escape the tide of war which ebbed and flowed intermittently for so many hundred years, it more than once ran the risk of complete destruction. After some such evil times, it was rededicated by Bishop David de Bernham in April 1242.[2] Fifty-four years later—in 1296—Adam

[1] St Kentigern, a famous Scotch saint, died in 603. The 13th of January was held as his day, of which it was said, "Holy St Mungo never leaves the weather as he found it." Under his name of Mungo, "the *Beloved* or *Gracious One*," many churches were dedicated to him.

[2] David de Bernham was born about the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century at Berwick-on-Tweed, and is said to have been descended from an ancient family of burgesses in that town. He became *Camerarius*, or Chamberlain, to Alexander II. of Scotland, and on the death of William de Malvoisin, in July 1237, was raised by the influence of the king to the vacant bishopric of St Andrews, although the clergy and people of the diocese desired the appointment of Galfrid, Bishop of Dunkeld. David de Bernham's election took place at St Andrews in June 1239, and he was consecrated on the 22d of the following January. In 1240 he and William de Bondington, Bishop of

Lamb, "Parson of the Church of Poulesworth," bent the knee to the usurper, and was reinstated by Edward I. in his benefice.[1] He does not appear to have enjoyed it

Glasgow, were summoned by Pope Gregory IX. to attend a General Council to be held at Rome, with the object of concerting measures for the overthrow of Frederick II. of Germany, then in open warfare with the Holy See. On their way to Rome they were captured, together with many other bishops, by the emperor, who released them on condition they should return direct to their homes. The Scottish bishops gave the required promise, but sent on their procurations by an ecclesiastic to Rome. Owing to the death of Gregory IX., which almost immediately supervened, the Council was never held. The rest of David de Bernham's life seems to have been filled with the dedication and rededication of churches throughout his large diocese, which extended from the English border on the south-east to the confines of Aberdeen. In the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is preserved a valuable Scottish MS., a pontifical which contains the forms used by David de Bernham for the consecration of a church, an altar, a cemetery, or the reconciliation of a church "post effusionem sanguinis"; and in the book is a record of the 140 churches and chapels at the dedication of which this volume served him during the years 1240 to 1249. Among the churches are mentioned Polwarth, Fogo, Eccles, Greenlaw, and many others in Berwickshire. On the 13th of July 1249 the bishop crowned Alexander III. at Scone, and in the following year took part in the great religious and state ceremonial of the translation of the body of St Margaret, Queen of Scotland, from its original resting-place in the outer church at Dunfermline to the silver shrine bedecked with gold and precious stones beside the high altar. In 1251 he went to York, accompanied by several of the Scottish nobility, to be present at the marriage of King Alexander III., then only ten years of age, with Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England. According to Spottiswoode, he was seized with a fever, and died there on May 1, 1251. The continuator of Fordun's 'Scotichronicon' states, on the contrary, that he died at Nenthorn, in Berwickshire, April 26, 1253, and that he was buried in the Abbey Church of Kelso. David de Bernham seems to have possessed great vigour and determination of character. Spottiswoode says of him that "he kept a severe hand over the clergy, especially the monks and others that lived in religious orders." (See Lockhart's 'The Church of Scotland in the Thirteenth Century;' also Keith's 'Scottish Bishops.')

[1] The benefice was valued in the old Papal Taxation Roll at £14, 5s. 6d. In the Tax Roll of St Andrews, 1547, the rectory of Polwarth, in the deanery of the Merse, was included. It remained a rectory till the Reformation. Chal-

long, for in 1299 the same king presented William de Sadyntone, clerk, to the living.

During the succeeding century, time and neglect brought St Mungo's holy fane into a ruinous state, from which it was rescued about 1378 by the care of John Sinclair of Herdmanston, who in right of his wife, Elizabeth, lorded it over these lands. The Reformation, which caused total destruction to many a fair church and abbey, passed harmlessly over Polwarth. Adam Hume, third son of Sir Patrick, the fourth Baron of Polwarth, was rector of the parish at the time. He adopted the tenets of the Reformed faith, and became the first Protestant minister. Since then eleven successors have filled his pulpit,[1] but the church of to-day has been greatly altered and restored

mers states that it was valued in the ancient *Taxatio* at 12 marks; and in Bagimont's Roll the tenth of the rectory was rated at £4, which shows it was of but little value.

[1] The following is a list of the ministers that have been in Polwarth since 1567:—

Adam Hume, 1567 to 1593.
Alexander Gaillis, M.A., 1593 to 1603.
Alexander Cass or Carse, M.A., 1604 to 1651.
David Robertson, M.A., 1652 to 1663.
George Holiwell, M.A., 1664 to 1704. (Earl Patrick's tutor.)
Archibald Borthwick, M.A., 1709 to 1727.
John Hume, of Abbey St Bathans, 1727 to 1734.
William Home (son of Walter Home of Bassendean), 1735 to 1757.
Alexander Home, 1758 to 1768.
Robert Home, 1769 to 1838.
Walter Home (son, assistant and successor), 1823 to 1881.
Charles Watt, 1882.

since he preached in it. Besides the armorial bearings on the tower and the crowned orange that surmounts the eastern gable—both of which tell us that the present state of the building is due to Earl Patrick—an inscription cut on the deep red sandstone slab above the south door sets forth as follows :—

"TEMPLUM • HOC • DEI • CULTUI • IN • ECCLESIA • DE • POLUARTH •
A • FUNDI • DOMINIS • EJUSDEM • PRIUS • DESIGNATIONIS •
DEIN • COGNOMINIS • ÆDIFICATUM • ET • DICATUM • ANTE • ANNUM •
SALUTIS • 900 • RECTORIAQUE • BENEFICIO • DOTATUM •
SED • TEMPORIS • CURSU • LABEFACTUM •
A • DNO • JOHANNE • DE • SANCTO • CLARO • DE • HERDMANSTON •
GENERO • DNI • PATRICIJ • DE • POLUARTH • DE • EODEM •
CIRCA • ANNUM • 1378 • REPARATUM •
TANDEM • VERO • VETUSTATE • AD • RUINAM • VERGENS •
SUMTIBUS • UTRIUSQUE • PROSAPIÆ • HEREDIS •
DNI • PATRICIJ • HUME • COMITIS • DE • MARCHMONT • ETC •
SUMMI • SCOTIÆ • CANCELLARII •
ET • DNÆ • GRISELLIÆ • KAR • COMITISSÆ • SUÆ • SPOSÆ •
SEPULCHRI • SACELLO • ARCUATE • RECENS • CONSTRUCTUM •
ET • CAMPANARUM • OBELISCO • ADAUCTUM • FUIT •
ANNO • DOMINI • 1703."[1]

The restoration of the church seems to have been a

[1] Translation : "This temple for the worship of God in the church of Polwarth by the lords of the soil of the same designation originally, afterwards of the same name, built and consecrated before the year of grace 900, and endowed with the benefice of a rector, but in course of time fallen into ruin, was repaired by Lord John Sinclair of Herdmanston, the son-in-law of Lord Patrick of Polwarth of the same place, about the year 1378. But at length verging to decay through age, at the expense of the heir of both lines, Lord Patrick Hume, Earl of Marchmont, &c., High Chancellor of Scotland, and of Lady Grissell Kar, his wife and countess, it was fresh built with the shrine in the form of a vault, and augmented by the addition of a bell-tower. Anno Domini 1703."

labour of love with the whole family. Lady Marchmont gave the bell which was to hang in the new tower, but from the inscription on it, it does not seem to have been cast till fourteen years after her death.[1] The green velvet pulpit-hangings, which still exist under the modern red draperies, were embroidered in an elaborate arabesque pattern by Lady Grisell Baillie; and her sister-in-law, Lady Jane Home, Lord Polwarth's second wife, gave the two beautiful silver Communion cups. The proportions of the church, 55 feet by 24 feet externally, being those common to small pre-Reformation churches, and the orientation being almost exact, prove that it was restored on the old lines. The vault beneath is substantially the same as that in which Earl Patrick lay hidden. To-day, as then, it is lit by a faint glimmering light from the grating high up in the eastern end, through which those outside, by stooping down on the grass, may distinguish—when their eyes become accustomed to the dusky gloom—four coffins, once richly gilt and decorated, now with tarnished plates and nails, and mouldering velvet palls. These are all of later date than Earl Patrick's time, for in them sleep the earthly remains of Alexander, the second Earl; his daughter-in-law, Anne Western, Countess of Marchmont; her only son, the little Lord Polwarth, who

[1] The inscription on it is, "Given to the Kirk of Polwarth by Lady Grizel Kar, Countess of Marchmont, 1697. R. M. fecit Edr. 1717."

died in childhood; and Sir William Purves. The vault was formerly entered by the west door of the church, which for that reason had large pearl-shaped tears powdered over it; but, to the regret of those who cling to old customs, when the door was last painted the tears were left out. The entrance to the vault is now sealed up, and the west door used for admission into the church. Formerly the three doors on the south side were alone used. The laird and his family went in by the centre one, the servants of the great house by one side door, the people of the village by the other. Over these two last entrances are engraved verses taken from the Bible; and on the south-east end of the church is an inscription in memory of Adam Hume, the first Protestant minister. Two other memorial stones are built into the outer wall, also in memory of former ministers: one bears the name of Alexander Cass; and the other, after enumerating the virtues of George Holiwell, "pedagogue" to Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, quaintly adds that his father was a periwig-maker in Duns.

In old days a bell used to be carried in the funeral processions at Polwarth, and rung in front of the coffin to frighten away the evil spirits. The bell still exists, but is at present in possession of the family of the late minister. A good many years ago, the basin of the old font was discovered hidden away at the back of the church. It is now

placed on a graduated circular base on the grass close to the west door, and is a rude circular sandstone basin without carving or ornament of any kind, and apparently of early date. The external diameter is 28 inches, and the height 20½ inches—the depth of the bowl being 14 inches, with a perforation at the bottom.

In very remote times the lands of Polwarth were held by a family of the same name, "Domini de eodem," as they are styled in old charters. From the inscription placed by Earl Patrick on the church, they appear to have been established here before the year 900; but tradition is silent as to whence they came, or from whence they derived the silver shield with *three piles* issuing from the *chief engrailed gules*, which are their ancient armorial bearings. Their castle stood half-way between the village and the church, but a clump of Scotch firs in the field to the east of the road is all that marks the spot to-day. Little is known of these early Polwarths. The first mention of the name in a charter occurs in the time of Alexander II. (1214-1249), at the end of whose reign Adam de Polwarth, Knight, had the lands of Beith given him from Sir Alexander Seatoun of Wintoun, in frank marriage with Eva his sister.[1] He left two sons: Patrick, his successor in the barony; and Adam, who, by a deed still existing among the

[1] "Chartul. of Dunfermling in Biblioth. Jurid. Edin." See Crawfurd's Peerage.

Montrose papers, made over "Domino David de Grame" all the tenements that his brother Patrick had given him "in feudo de Dunipace," in exchange for four acres of land, "in feudo de Wedderly."[1]

In the time of Robert II. (1371-1390) Sir Patrick de Polwarth died, leaving an only child, Elizabeth, the last of her race. She carried the broad lands of Polwarth and Kimmerghame into the Sinclair family, by her marriage with Sir John Sinclair of Herdmanston.[2] Their great-grandson, John Sinclair, died in the fifteenth century without male issue. The estate of Herdmanston devolved on his brother, Sir William Sinclair (from whom the present Lord Sinclair is descended), but his lands of Polwarth and Kimmerghame went to his daughters, Marion and Margaret. The heiresses were young and beautiful; and among the many suitors that flocked round them, those that met with the greatest favour in their eyes were two brothers, George and Patrick, the young Humes of Wedderburn. The ladies' uncle, Sir William, fearing that their lands should go out of the family, not

[1] "Charta penes Ducem de Montrose." See Crawfurd's Peerage.

[2] The first ancestor of the Sinclairs of Herdmanston was Henry de Sancto Claro, who got the lands of Herdmanston from Richard de Morville, Constable of Scotland, before the year 1162. His successor was Sir William Sinclair, who by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, sister to Henry, first Earl of Orkney, had Sir John his son and heir, who married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Patrick de Polwarth. See Crawfurd's Peerage.

only refused his consent, but removed his nieces from their castle of Polwarth to lonely Herdmanston, his stronghold on the northern slopes of Lammermuir. Though closely immured, they contrived, by the help of an old beggar woman, to send a message to Wedderburn. A day or two later, a gallant train, headed by the two young lovers, rode over the hills and drew rein beneath the castle walls. An angry parley followed the demand for the restoration of their lady-loves; but the "Men o' the Merse" were too strong to be resisted, and Sir William had the mortification of seeing the heiresses borne away in triumph. The double marriage was celebrated at Polwarth, and the wedding-dance took place around the thorn-tree.

The marriage of Margaret Sinclair with Patrick Hume, the younger of the brothers, carried the lands of Polwarth into the possession of a family whose descendants in the male line enjoyed them for upwards of three hundred years.

The great Border family of Home[1] is a younger branch of the illustrious house of Dunbar, Earls of March and Dunbar, which sprang from the Saxon kings of England, and from the princes and earls of Northumberland. The

[1] In early times the name was spelt indifferently Home or Hume. In later days the Polwarth branch adopted the spelling with a *u*, while the head of the family, Lord Home, retained the *o*; but they all spring alike from the same stock.

Homes trace their descent from Patrick, second son of Cospatrick, third Earl of Dunbar, who died 1166; and they bear the same arms as the parent house, a *lion rampant.* In the fourteenth century Sir Thomas Home, "Dominus de eodem," seventh in descent from Cospatrick, Earl of Dunbar, married Nicolas Pepdie, the last of the ancient line of Dunglas, in right of whom their descendants quarter the three *papingoes vert.* They built the Collegiate Church of Dunglas, and died leaving, with other issue, two sons—Sir Alexander, the ancestor of the Earls of Home, and Sir David, the progenitor of the Homes of Wedderburn. The husband of Margaret Sinclair was grandson of this Sir David, and he is reckoned the first Baron of Polwarth of the Hume family. He was a man of great personal bravery, and distinguished himself in the defence of the Borders against the encroachments of the English.

His son Sir Patrick, the second Baron, was rather a noted personage at the Scotch Court. He remained a loyal and steady adherent of James III., in spite of the offers lavished on him by the Duke of Albany, the King's brother, who, being in a constant state of rebellion against the royal authority, was anxious to secure to his party a man of such power and influence in the Lowlands. Sir Patrick owned great wealth and vast possessions. No fewer than

seven charters under the Great Seal were granted to him of different lands and baronies; and when in 1493 he wished to go on a pilgrimage, Henry VIII. of England sent him a special safe-conduct to enable him to pass through his dominions. James IV. treated him with the highest favour, and in 1499 appointed him Comptroller of Scotland, which office he discharged till the year 1502. His marriages and those of his children contributed to the importance of the family. He died in 1504, full of years and honours, and was interred with his ancestors in the Collegiate Church of Dunglas.

By his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Edmonstone of that Ilk, he had one son,

Alexander, his successor.

By his second wife, Ellen, daughter of Sir James Shaw of Sauchie, and widow of Archibald Halyburton, eldest son of George, fourth Lord Halyburton of Dirleton, he had,

George, ancestor of the Humes of Argathy in Stirlingshire.

Alison, married to Sir James Shaw of Sauchie.

Janet, married to Sir Andrew Kerr of Ferniehurst, ancestor of the Marquises of Lothian.

Marion, married to Sir William Baillie of Lamington.

Margaret, the Abbess of North Berwick.

Sir Robert Douglas (in his Peerage) is of opinion that

Sir Patrick married, thirdly, a natural daughter of James III., from the wording of a charter of James IV., confirming "dilecto fratri suo Patricio Hume de Polwarth" the lands of Strabraune, Auchintravie, and Glenshean in Perthshire, dated May 1, 1499; but that this must be an error, appears from a deed in the Marchmont Repositories dated 1541, in which Ellen Shaw, "the Lady of Dirleton," is designated "Elena Schaw relicta quond. Dni Patricij Hume de Polwarth Militis."[1]

Alexander, the third Baron, married, first, Margaret, daughter of Robert, second Lord Crichton of Sanquhar (ancestor of the Earl of Dumfries), and got a charter under the Great Seal to "Alexandro Hume de Polwarth et Mar-

[1] Wood, in his revised and enlarged edition of Douglas's Peerage, confuses this Sir Patrick with his father, the first Baron of Polwarth, making them out to be one and the same person, and omitting all mention of Margaret Edmonstone, first wife of the second Baron. Drummond, in his 'Noble British Families,' follows Wood; but Sir Robert Douglas and Crawfurd both agree in distinguishing the father from the son. That they are correct in doing so appears to be the case, as in the "Birth Brief" of Alexander Hume, brother of Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont, dated 1668, and prepared under the direction of Earl Patrick himself, the three earliest generations of the Polwarth family are thus described: "Qui vero Alexander [that is, Alexander, the husband of Margaret Crichton] fuit filius legittimus domini Patricij Hume de Polwart dicti regni nostri thesaurarij inter eum et dominam Mariam Edmonstoun ejus sponsam filiam Joannis Edmonstoun de eodem genitus. Et qui Patricius Hume fuit filius legittimus Patricij Hume de Polwart inter eum et Margaretam Sinclair ejus uxorem filiam Joannis Sinclair Comarchi de Hermistoun natus."—(Birth Brief of Alexander Hume, dated under the Great Seal, Edinburgh, May 7, 1668. Original document in the Marchmont Repositories.)

garetæ Crichton ejus sposæ terrarum de Brigamsheills," &c., dated July 26, 1511.[1]

By her he had,

Patrick, his successor.

Alexander, ancestor of the Humes of Heugh.

Gavin, ancestor of the Humes of Rhodes.

He married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Lauder of the Bass, and had three daughters,

Margaret, married to Patrick Hepburn of Craig.

Catherine, married to Robert Pringle of that Ilk.

Isabel, the Abbess of North Berwick.

He died in 1532.

Patrick, the fourth Baron, got a charter under the Great Seal, "Patricio Hume filio et hæredi Alexandri Hume de Polwarth, terrarum baroniæ de Polwarth," dated 1536. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Patrick Hepburn of Waughton, by whom he had,

Patrick, his heir.

Alexander (Sir) of North Berwick, who was chosen Provost of Edinburgh in 1593, which office he discharged with such prudence and moderation that he was selected by James VI. for the post of Ambassador to England. He died without issue in 1608.

[1] This and other charters granted to the Barons of Polwarth are quoted out of Douglas's and Crawfurd's Peerages.

Adam, who was rector of Polwarth at the time of the Reformation, a man of great virtue and probity.

Margaret, married to John Baillie of John's Kirk.

Anne, married to —— French of Thornydyke.

Patrick, the fifth Baron, was a great promoter of the Reformation, and was one of those who in 1560 entered into an association or league to encourage the sincere preaching of the Word, and to defend the teachers thereof. When the civil war broke out, he embraced the young king's side, and was dangerously wounded in a conflict with Queen Mary's troops at Cairny, June 1571. He died in 1592.

By his wife, Agnes, daughter of Alexander Hume of Manderston, and sister (or aunt) to George Earl of Dunbar, he left,

Patrick, his heir.

Alexander, the rector of Logie, whose book of 'Hymnes and Sacred Songs,' dedicated to the "faithful and virtuous Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross," was reprinted by the Bannatyne Club in 1832. He was the author of other religious works, both in poetry and prose. He died in 1609.

Gavin, of Johnscleuch.

John (Sir) of North Berwick, who inherited his uncle Sir Alexander's estates, and afterwards, with the consent of his sons, sold North Berwick to William

Dick in 1633. His eldest son, George, was created a baronet by Charles I., and was the founder of the family of Hume of Castle Hume, County Fermanagh, Ireland.[1]

David, of Rowiestoun or Rollandstone.

George, of Drumchose.

Jean, married to David Hume of Law.

Agnes, married to —— Edmonstone of Woolmet.

Margaret, married to Sir Thomas Cranston of Corsbie.

[1] Sir George Hume of Castle Hume, County Fermanagh, first Baronet, was succeeded by his son Sir John. The latter was father of Sir Gustavus Hume, of Elizabeth Lady Polwarth, and of Mary, Mrs Johnstone of Hilton. Sir Gustavus, the third Baronet, who was Groom of the Stole to Frederick Prince of Wales, died in 1731, having had by his wife, Lady Alice Moore, daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, four sons, who all predeceased him, and two daughters, of whom the elder, Mary, married the Earl of Ely; and the younger, Alice, George Rochfort, Esq.

The following verses were written by John Hume, Sir Gustavus's second son, or "Jacky" as his mother calls him, on the occasion of the birthday of his elder brother, Moore Hume. They were found at Marchmont with the accompanying letter :—

Mr John Hume's verses on his brother's birthday.

"This day from parsley-bed, I'm sure,
Was dug my elder brother Moore;
Had Papa dug me up before him,
So many now would not adore him.
But, hang it! he's but only one,
And if he trips off, I am S^r^ John.

"Mad^m.^,—You do me a great honour in desiring my verses. Such as they are, they are at y^r.^ service. I am sorry they are not better, both for y^r.^ sake and my own, who am, Mad^m.^, y^r.^ Ladyship's most humble servant, JOHN HUME."

The letter and verses are endorsed in the handwriting of Lady Grisell Baillie, to whom they appear to have been sent, "He is a child of seven or eight years at most." (Original in the Marchmont Repositories.)

Sir Patrick, the sixth Baron, during his father's lifetime got three charters under the Great Seal, "Patricio Hume apparenti de Polwarth," of many lands and baronies, dated 1587, 1590, 1591. From his youth upwards, he was greatly in favour with James VI.; and among the names of the twenty-five gentlemen appointed to attend on the King "at all times of his riding and passing to the field," occurs that of "the young Laird of Polwarth." In 1591 he was made Master of the Household, a Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, and one of the Wardens of the Marches towards England. He married Julian, daughter of Sir Thomas Kerr of Ferniehurst, and sister to the king's favourite, Robert, Earl of Somerset. By her he had,

Patrick, his heir.
Thomas of Coldstream.
John.
James.
George of Kimmerghame.
Robert of Hawkslaw.
Elizabeth, married to Sir James Carmichael of that Ilk.
Jean, married to Christopher Cockburn of Choicelee.
Sophia, married to Joseph Johnstone of Hilton.

Sir Patrick died in 1609, and his widow married secondly, Thomas, first Earl of Haddington. Between

Sir Patrick and his brother Alexander, the rector of Logie, lies the honour of being the opponent of Montgomerie in that curious poem entitled "The Flyting betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart," which begins—

> "Polwart, yee peip like a mouse amongst thornes;
> Na cunning yee keepe; Polwart, yee peip;
> Ye look like a sheipe an' yee had twa hornes:
> Polwart, ye peipe like a mouse amongst thornes."

The whole piece is in a style of the coarsest invective, and is barely intelligible at the present day.[1] Sir Patrick also wrote a more serious poem called "The Promine," which was addressed to the King, and has been reprinted in Dr Laing's 'Select Remains of the Ancient, Popular, and Romance Poetry of Scotland.'

The seventh Baron, another Sir Patrick, basked in the

[1] The earliest edition of this poem was printed in Edinburgh by Andro Hart, 1621, and is of the greatest rarity. The poem was probably written towards the end of the preceding century, and is in imitation of the more famous "Flyting between Dunbar and Kennedy." Captain Alexander Montgomery, who was Polwarth's opponent, was of the family of Eglinton, and was author of several poems, including the celebrated "Cherrie and the Slae." Irving, who edited his poems in 1821, remarks in his preface, "Montgomery and Hume seemed to have been ambitious of rivalling Dunbar and Kennedy; they have exhausted almost every term of abuse that the language afforded. Their 'Flyting,' if we may credit the introductory address, was not the result of a real quarrel, but merely an effort of ingenuity, or what is there described as generous emulation. If, however, such was their sportive, what must have been their ireful mood?" Dempster has remarked that Montgomery's invectives are equally distinguished by their virulence and their ingenuity; and those of his antagonist can scarcely be considered as inferior in either respect.

sunshine of Court favour. In 1621, James VI. conferred on him a pension of £100 sterling, and in 1625 he was made a baronet by the succeeding monarch. He died in 1648, while still in the prime of life, leaving by his wife, Christian, the daughter of Sir Alexander Hamilton of Innerwick, five children—

Julian, married to Richard Newton of that Ilk.

Patrick, his successor.

Christian, who died unmarried in 1666.

Alexander, who went to Russia and entered the Imperial service. He became a colonel of horse, and died unmarried at Moscow in 1676.[1] To prove the nobility of his birth, he had in 1668 applied for what is technically called a "Birth Brief" or "Bor-Brief," a document that still exists among the Marchmont Repositories.

Anne, married to Alexander Hume of Manderston.

Lady Polwarth, a few years later, married Robert Kerr, third Lord Jedburgh, and died at Ferniehurst in 1688. Their only child, Mary Kerr, predeceased them in 1658; and Lord Jedburgh surrendered his honours to the king, obtaining a fresh patent, dated 1670, by which the barony of Jedburgh devolved after his death on the eldest son of the Marquis of Lothian, to be held

[1] MS. entry in the Bible of "Lady Christian Hamilton, Lady Jedburgh, 1670." (Marchmont Library.)

as a distinct peerage by the eldest son of that house for ever.[1]

[1] The barony of Jedburgh is probably the only instance of a peerage transmitted in this manner. The somewhat parallel case of the dukedom of Cornwall, which is held by the eldest son of the sovereign, differs in one particular,—it can only be inherited by the sovereign's first-born son. Henry VIII. after the death of Prince Arthur, and Charles I. after that of Prince Henry, were Dukes of Cornwall, but by a special new creation (see Greville Memoirs, Part II. vol. i. p. 404). The barony of Jedburgh passes to whichever of the Marquis of Lothian's sons is the heir. From that moment he becomes *de facto* and *de jure* Lord Jedburgh, and as such has the right of voting during his father's lifetime at the election of a Scots representative peer.

Site of the old Castle of Polwarth.

Patricius Comes de MARCHMONT, *Vicecomes de Blasonberrie, Dominus Polwarth de Polwarth Redbreas et Greenlaw, Serenissimo Principi* GULIELMO D. G. *Magnæ Britanniæ Franciæ et Hiberniæ* REGI. *In Antiquo Suo Scotiæ Regno* PROREX. *Scotiæ summus Cancellarius. Dominorum Secreti Concilij post Principes Regij Singulis primus Thesaurarij et Scaccarij Dominorum primus. Et Admiralitatis sine quo non etc. Ano. Dni. 1693.*

Patrick, 1st Earl of Marchmont.

Swan Electric Engraving Co

CHAPTER II.

SIR PATRICK HUME, eighth Baron of Polwarth, and afterwards first Earl of Marchmont, was born at Redbraes on the 13th of January (St Mungo's day) 1641, and was thus seven years of age at the time of his father's death. He was left to the guardianship of his mother, who spent a good deal of her son's fortune in paying the debts of her second husband, Lord Jedburgh; but for this she was never called to account. She was an ardent Episcopalian, and brought her children up very strictly; so that it is curious that Sir Patrick should have so soon reverted to the narrower doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. In that faith he continued all his life; and being a deeply religious man, the mainspring of his actions is to be found in his unalterable belief that the Protestant faith, and especially that form of it held by the Presbyterian Church, was the only true one; and for this belief he cheerfully sacrificed both home and fortune.

He was not of age when, on the 29th of January 1660, he married Grisell, the daughter of Sir Thomas Ker of Cavers, with whom he lived in unbroken happiness for forty-three years. She brought him seventeen children, many of whom died young. Of those that lived to grow up, Patrick, afterwards Lord Polwarth, was the eldest, though actually the fourth in point of birth. He was born November 11, 1664; and between him and his next sister, Grisell, born December 24, 1665 — and later so famous as Lady Grisell Baillie—ever subsisted the deepest affection. Then followed Christian, born May 7, 1668, who died in Holland in 1688; Robert, born July 10, 1669, a gallant young soldier, who died unmarried in 1692; Julian, the wife of Mr Bellingham, born August 16, 1673; Alexander, eventually the heir and second Earl of Marchmont, born January 1, 1675; Andrew (Lord Kimmerghame), born July 19, 1676, and died 1730; Anne, born November 4, 1677, who married Sir James Hall of Dunglas; and lastly — youngest of all this immense family—Jean, the wife of Lord Torphichen, born March 22, 1683, eighteen years after her elder sister Grisell.[1]

Sir Patrick began his political life in 1665, when, at the age of twenty-four, he was sent to the Scottish Parliament

[1] These dates of the births of his children are taken from an entry in Earl Patrick's handwriting in Grisell, Lady Marchmont's Bible. (Marchmont Library.)

as the representative of his native county. In spite of his youth, he took a decided line of his own, and opposed the overbearing measures of the Duke of Lauderdale in a way that brought upon him the enmity of that powerful nobleman. In company with the Duke of Hamilton and others, he went to London in 1674 to lay complaints of Lauderdale's tyranny before the king, and to protest against the grievances that the nation suffered at his hands. The following year he remonstrated against the proceedings of the Privy Council of Scotland, which had garrisoned several gentlemen's houses, particularly in Berwickshire, and required the respective counties to furnish these garrisons with all necessaries, in direct contravention of the law. For this he was brought before the Council, which, with the king's approval, declared him "a factious person, having done what may usher in confusion, and therefore incapable of all public trust." He was accordingly imprisoned in the Tolbooth, where he remained for some months, and was thence removed to Dumbarton Castle, and finally to Stirling. His imprisonment was brought to an end in 1679 by the influence of his English relations, and particularly of the Countess of Northumberland.[1] On regaining his freedom, he took counsel with

[1] Sir Patrick Hume had many influential English relations. The Countess of Northumberland was his cousin, her mother, the Countess of Suffolk, being the younger daughter of George Hume, Earl of Dunbar. Sir Patrick's grandmother, Julian Kerr, was sister to Robert, Earl of Somerset; and through the

other noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland who shared his political views; and agreeing that for them it was impossible to continue in peaceful possession of their lands as long as they remained faithful to opinions that they held to be right, they came to the resolution, in 1682, to expatriate themselves, and found a settlement in the province of Carolina in North America.

"The prime promoters of this scheme," says Sir William Fraser, in his 'Memorials of the Earls of Haddington,' "were Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree and Sir George Campbell of Cessnock, who entered into a contract with the Lords Proprietors of Carolina for a territory composed of thirty-two square plots of ground, each containing twelve thousand acres, at the rent of one penny an acre; and among those who adhibited their names to the contract were the Earls of Haddington and Callendar, Lords Yester and Cardross, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, with George Lockhart and Alexander Gilmour, Archibald Cochrane and Archibald Douglas, advocates. Each of the undertakers pledged themselves to pay £10 sterling to Sir Robert Baird, the cash-keeper, before 1st October 1682. They sent Sir John Cochrane and Sir George Campbell to London to obtain the consent of the king to the enterprise; and this they got, Charles writing to the Privy Council to give its promoters their encouragement. But before the proposal was carried into effect, discovery was made of plots against the life of the king and his brother, the Duke of York and Albany, in which some of those who had embarked in the Carolina settle-

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marriage of the latter's only child, Anne, with William, first Duke of Bedford, a blood relationship was established between the families of Hume, Russell, Cavendish, and Manners.

ment appear to have been implicated, so that the project was at once put an end to."

The conspiracy referred to was the Ryehouse Plot,—although to the end of his life Sir Patrick protested that he was guiltless of participating in any design against the life of the king or the Duke of York. He always declared that the object of the long and close conferences held with the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Russell, was to consider what might best be done to secure the kingdom of Scotland against the Papal supremacy and the exercise of arbitrary power, in the event of the succession of a Roman Catholic to the throne. In consequence of the discovery of this plot, Sir Patrick's intimate friend, Mr Baillie of Jerviswoode, was thrown into prison, which he only quitted for the scaffold. Sir Patrick escaped a similar fate by concealing himself in the vault beneath Polwarth Church. Lady Polwarth[1] was living with her children at Redbraes, about a mile off, and she and her eldest daughter, Grisell, then a girl of eighteen, alone knew where he was hidden. They admitted James

[1] Though Sir Patrick Hume was not created Lord Polwarth till 1690, his wife from the first was styled Lady Polwarth. It was the custom of the day for the laird's wife to be called by her husband's territorial appellation. Thus, for instance, Sir George Campbell's wife was always "Lady Cessnock." The custom was recognised even in formal documents. In the grant of Sir Patrick Hume's forfeited estates to Lord Seaforth, his wife is styled "the young Lady Polwarth," though, strictly speaking, that title was not hers till four years later.

Winter, the house-carpenter, into their confidence, and with his help got a bed and bed-clothes carried by night to the vault. The bed is still preserved at Marchmont, and is of black walnut, in good preservation, bearing the date 1660. It folds up, and the four short legs also fold down with hinges when not required, but have strong springs to keep them erect when in use. The whole goes into very little space.

For a month (so Lady Murray, Lady Grisell Baillie's daughter, relates in her 'Memoirs,' from which most of these particulars are gathered) Sir Patrick lived in this dismal hiding-place. The only light that reached him was through the narrow slit at the end of the vault, as it was too great a risk to have any artificial light inside. Reading was impossible; but he got through the long hours by repeating to himself Buchanan's version of the Psalms, which he knew by heart, and which he remembered to his dying day. Every night his daughter Grisell came by stealth, carrying him food and drink, and enlivening his solitude with the home news, stories of his children, their sayings and doings, and anything she could think of to cheer and amuse him. The first glimmerings of dawn sent her hurrying homewards, fearful of being surprised by one of the parties of soldiers that were scouring the country in search of her father. Her dread of this overcame her natural fear of crossing the churchyard after

dark. The first night that she went there she was terrified by the barking of the minister's dogs (the manse then stood much nearer the church than it does now), and feared they might give the alarm; but her mother next morning sent for the minister, and under pretence of a mad dog being loose in the country, induced him to destroy them. The little lantern that she carried still exists,[1] of very rude make, three-sided, and with hinges of roughly tanned cow-hide. For fear of exciting the suspicions of the servants, she had to convey part of her own dinner off her plate into her lap, in order to secure food for her father; and it was on one of these occasions that her little brother, Sandy (afterwards the second Lord Marchmont), turned to Lady Polwarth in consternation and complained, "Mother, will ye look at Grisell; while we have been eating our broth, she has eaten up the whole sheep's-head!" When Sir Patrick heard of this he was greatly amused, and desired that Sandy should have his share next time.

Sir Patrick never lost his cheerfulness and composure under these trying circumstances; and his daughter appears to have inherited these qualities, as well as his calmness and presence of mind amid dangers. This was a time when women's minds ripened early; for the necessities of life, and the dangers that surrounded those they

[1] In the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

loved, taught them to rely on their wit and their physical courage. Grisell Hume was not the only heroine of her day. A year later another Grisell, as young as this one, saved her father's life at the risk of her own, by disguising herself as a highwayman, and robbing the messenger of the mail-bag that contained the death-warrant. Alike in their heroism, they are not far separated in their last resting-places. Grisell Baillie sleeps at Mellerstain, and a few miles to the north, at Legerwood, lies Grisell Ker, Sir John Cochrane's devoted daughter.

After a month spent in the gloom of the burial-vault, it was thought safe for Sir Patrick to return to his own castle of Redbraes, as the search made for him in the country had become less vigorous. Lady Polwarth and her daughter took the precaution first of providing a hiding-place to which he could retreat in case of necessity. They chose a room on the ground-floor; and beneath the bed they lifted the boards and dug a hole in the ground. Even this had to be done with great secrecy; and at night Grisell Hume, helped by the faithful James Winter, used to set to work, using her hands to scrape up the earth—for fear of making a noise—till her nails were worn down to the quick. They put the earth, as they lifted it, into a sheet, which they carried out of the window into the garden, till at last the hole was sufficiently large to contain a box in which Sir Patrick could lie. This was provided

with bedding, and holes bored in the planks above so as to admit air. Trial was made for some time to see that no water oozed into the hole, because of the dampness of the situation; and then, all being secure, Sir Patrick ventured home. He had not been back more than a week or two, when his daughter, going as usual one morning to see that all was right, lifted the boards, and the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water. This caused the greatest consternation, as they felt they had no safe retreat to fall back on in case of a sudden alarm; so Sir Patrick, telling his family they must tempt Providence no longer, bade them farewell, and set off to make his escape to foreign parts. He was accompanied on the first part of his journey by his grieve, John Allan, an old and attached servant, who up till then had been ignorant that his master was in the house, and on being told the news, fainted away from alarm. The fugitive waited till night fell, and then got out of a window in the stables unnoticed by any one. A local tradition relates that after leaving Redbraes he met with a man named Broomfield, the miller of Greenlaw, who was repairing a slap in the mill-cauld. Addressing him by the occupation in which he was engaged, Sir Patrick said, "Slap, have you any money?" Upon which Broomfield supplied him with what he required. On his return some years later, he did not forget the help he was given in his time of need, but settled Broomfield and his

family in a free house for as long as they lived; and from that day they commonly went by the name of *Slap* instead of their own.[1] This was in September 1684. Sir Patrick travelled by byways to London, thence by Ireland to France, and eventually reached Holland in safety, where he sought the protection of the Prince of Orange, and establishing himself at Utrecht, sent for his wife and children to join him.

The Polwarth estates were confiscated in 1686, and granted to Lord Seaforth, but burdened with Lady Polwarth's jointure, the same as if her husband were already dead; and on this slender pittance—about £150 a-year—they subsisted during the three and a half years they spent in Holland. Julian, the third daughter, had been too ill to go abroad with the rest; so a few months later Grisell returned to Scotland by herself to collect some money that was owing to her father, and fetched her sister. They had a wretched voyage, and underwent every discomfort that an overcrowded ship, a rough and brutal captain, and a violent storm could inflict. Though they had paid beforehand so as to secure the cabin-bed to themselves, they found the captain had disposed of it to others of the passengers, none of whom, however, were permitted to

[1] The last of the family died early in this century. Frequent mention is made in the kirk-session records of Broomfield of Slap. See 'New Statistical Account of the Parishes of Scotland.'

enjoy it, as the captain ended by taking possession of it himself, and lay down in the midst of them, after gormandising on their little private store of provisions. The two sisters took what rest they could get on the floor, using as a pillow the bag of books that they were carrying to their father, till a violent storm put them in terror for their lives. Fortunately, a gentleman on board, who like themselves was taking refuge in Holland, befriended them, and proved of the greatest assistance. When they landed at the Brill they had to proceed on foot to Rotterdam. It was a cold wet night, and Julian, still weak from her recent illness, was little able to walk, and soon lost her shoes in the mud; whereupon Grisell took her on her back and carried her, the gentleman accompanying them and carrying their luggage. At Rotterdam their troubles ended, for their eldest brother Patrick and his friend young Baillie of Jerviswoode were waiting there to convey them safely to Utrecht, where they found the rest of the family.

The anxieties of the next three years passed lightly over the happy contented little household. Poor in this world's goods, they were rich in mutual affection, and not a murmur or complaint was heard. They could not afford servants, beyond one little girl to help; so the elder daughters did the household work, while Sir Patrick taught the younger children. He was a very cultivated

man, and gave them lessons in Latin, French, and Dutch, as well as in the more ordinary branches of education; while by their mother they were instructed in needlework. During all this time Sir Patrick went by the name of Dr Wallace, and seldom stirred abroad; but it was pretty well known who he was, and his house was a favourite resort of those who, like himself, were exiles for the sake of their political opinions. Grisell, who was the housekeeper, had many a time a difficulty to make both ends meet, with all these guests to entertain. One by one the bits of plate and other valuables that they had brought with them were disposed of, and with difficulty were recovered before the final return to Scotland. The second daughter, Christian, was an accomplished musician, and her playing and singing helped to pass the evenings; while Grisell mended the children's clothes, or got up the point-lace cravat and cuffs of her brother Patrick, so that he might bear as brave an appearance as any of his comrades. In after-years, to show how poor they were, she used to relate how one night the bell was heard which was accustomed to be rung from door to door to give notice that a collection was being made for the poor. There was nothing in the house but an "*orkey* or *doit*" (the smallest of coins), and they were all so ashamed, no one would go and give it, till at last Sir Patrick said, "Well, then, I'll go with it; we can do no more than give all we have."

Patrick Hume and young Baillie of Jerviswoode had enlisted in the Prince of Orange's Guards; and being great friends, they generally arranged if possible to take their turn of standing sentry at the gate together. At that time the Prince often dined in public, when any one who chose was admitted to see him; and Lady Grisell used to tell laughingly in later years how, when any pretty girl presented herself, the boy-soldiers would cross their halberts before the door, and demand toll of a kiss. In spite of the poverty and the makeshifts, these were happy days, and were often looked back on afterwards with regretful pleasure. The only time they had any real anxiety was during the months in 1685, when Sir Patrick joined Argyle's ill-fated expedition, by which he had hoped to create a diversion in the West of Scotland in favour of the Duke of Monmouth. He has left a detailed and interesting account of his adventures,[1] from which he narrowly escaped with his life. After some weeks of wanderings and hardships, he made his way to Bordeaux; and from there went to Geneva, where he spent some months, eventually returning to his family in the summer of 1686. He remained in Holland till the Revolution of 1688 brought the Prince of Orange to England. Sir Patrick and his eldest son accompanied him; and when affairs became more

[1] Sir Patrick Hume's Narrative of the Earl of Argyle's Expedition—Marchmont Papers, vol. iii

settled, the children were sent direct to Scotland, and Lady Polwarth and her eldest daughter came over in the suite of the Princess, who wished to keep Grisell Hume permanently with her as Maid of Honour. This offer she refused,—partly from affection for her family, which would not allow her to leave them; partly, perhaps, for the sake of one still dearer, who, from being like her own father an exile, was now returning to his home, not so many miles distant from Redbraes. She therefore went back to Scotland with her mother.

Sir Patrick's estates were speedily restored to him by King William; and before long the exiles found themselves again at Redbraes. One out of the band was missing. Christian, the second daughter, had died in Holland of a sore throat, just as they were preparing to start on their homeward journey. Gradually the home-circle narrowed. Grisell's was the next empty place; for in 1690 she married George Baillie, her brother Patrick's dearest friend, and their constant companion in Holland, to whom she had long been secretly attached. Thus began the forty-eight years of happy married life, of which their daughter, Lady Murray, has left such a touching record. Her marriage removed her only to Mellerstain—not very far away—and she seems to have been constantly backwards and forwards between her new home and Redbraes, where they never really learnt to do without her.

The Revolution was the turning-point of Sir Patrick's fortunes. Ingratitude to his adherents was not one of William III.'s faults, and he showered favours on the family of Hume. In 1690 Sir Patrick was made a member of the Privy Council, and then created a Peer of Scotland by the title of Lord Polwarth. In the patent, William granted him a peculiar mark of personal esteem and regard, by assigning to him, in addition to his armorial bearings, "an orange proper ensigned with an imperial crown, to be placed in a surtout in his coat of arms in all time coming, as a lasting mark of his Majesty's royal favour to the family of Polwarth, and in commemoration of his Lordship's great affection to his said Majesty." Thus it is that the *crowned orange* pervades everything at Marchmont, from the eastern gable of the church down to the backs of the books in the library. The king sent him at the same time a large single diamond set in a ring, still preserved as an heirloom, and which, in the portrait painted of him by Kneller in his Chancellor's robes, is represented on his finger.

Among the Marchmont papers is a MS. in Sir Patrick's writing, giving a list of dates and of the honours bestowed on him, which may fitly be reproduced here :—

"Sentence of Forfeiture, 22d May 1685.

I had gone off the kingdom, 11th September 1684.

Returned with Prince of Orange, 5th November 1688.
Forfeiture rescinded by Parliament, 22d July 1690.
Made of Privy Council by King William and Queen Mary, also Lord Polwarth by King William and Queen Mary, 1690, with a crowned orange in my arms.
Extraordinary Lord of Session by King William and Queen Mary in 1693.
Sheriff of Berwickshire by K.W. and Q.M. in 1690.
Bailiff of Lauderdale by K.W. and Q.M. in 1694.
Chancellor of Scotland by King William in 1696.
Commissioner to Parliament of Scotland by K.W. in 1698.
Commissioner to General Assembly of Kirk by K.W. in 1702.
Chancellor of Scotland for Queen Anne in 1702.
Commissioner of Police by King George in 1714.

Created Earl of Marchmont by King William on the 23d April 1697."

It would appear, from a letter of Lord Marchmont's to Secretary Ogilvie,[1] that the title of March was the one he would have preferred, as being a lineal descendant of its ancient earls; but he had refrained from asking for it, thinking that—like Albany and Fife—it had been reserved by the king for his own family and near relations. Since the forfeiture of the Dunbars (*temp.* James I.), it had never been granted outside the Royal family, except for the short time when, as the Duke of Hamilton ex-

[1] Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, to Secretary Ogilvie, April 29, 1697—Marchmont Papers, vol. iii.

pressed it, "the Duke of Lauderdale had stolen it from the king." James VI.'s favourite, Sir George Home, pressed his master to give it to him, but had to content himself with the earldom of Dunbar instead; and Charles I. had always refused to bestow it on a subject. It was therefore a surprise and a mortification to Lord Marchmont to find—a few days after his elevation to the peerage—that the coveted title had been asked for by the Duke of Queensberry for his next brother, Lord William Douglas, and had been given to him. No one quite knows why Sir Patrick selected the title of Marchmont, unless the similarity of sound between it and the old name had something to do with it. He was created at the same time Viscount Blazonberrie, and Lord Polwarth of Polwarth, Redbraes, and Greenlaw. The title of Blazonberrie[1] is taken from a wooded hill on the west side of the Blackadder above Greenlaw. Shortly before this time Sir Patrick had acquired a good deal of property round this little town, having bought the inheritance of the Homes of Spott from the creditors of that impoverished family, and having also purchased the lands of Greenlawdean from Sir David Home of Crossrigs, a cadet of the family of Manderston.

[1] It appears from a memorandum in his own handwriting that had Sir Patrick been advanced a step in the peerage, it was his intention to call himself Marquis of Blazonberrie.

A slight sketch of the history of Greenlaw will not be out of place here. This small but ancient town dates from the Saxon times. During the eight centuries which have since gone by it has increased little in size, though with the lapse of years it has crept down from the grassy hill to the south—the Green Law—where its first rude huts were built, to its present position on the sheltered haugh beside the Blackadder. In the end of the eleventh or early part of the twelfth century, this barony, together with Lauderdale, the country about Earlston, and the greater part of the Merse, came into the possession of Cospatrick, the father of the first Earl of Dunbar. This powerful leader, who traced his descent from the ancient princes of Northumberland, appears to have accompanied Edgar Atheling into Scotland, and to have entered the service of Malcolm Canmore. From this king he received offices of high trust and confidence, together with extensive grants of lands. His chief residence south of the Lammermuirs was at Lauder; and the lands about Greenlaw, with the exception of the baronies of Greenlaw and Whiteside, were distributed by him among his military followers, to be held by them in terms of feudal service.

In this way the barony of Halyburton (*Haly-burg-tun*, the holy fort or village) was granted to a Saxon knight named Tructe, whose descendants followed the usual custom and adopted the name of their lands, calling them-

selves Halyburton. About the middle of the thirteenth century Philip de Halyburton married the daughter and heiress of De Vaux of Dirleton (an offshoot of the family of De Vaux of Gilsland). During the struggle between the Earls of Dunbar and Douglas as to whose daughter should marry the unhappy Duke of Rothesay, and thereby secure to her family the supremacy in the kingdom, the Halyburtons, like the Homes, deserted the cause of their feudal superior, and espoused that of the Douglases, under whose patronage they greatly prospered. About 1440 the head of the house was created Lord Halyburton of Dirleton, a title now extinct.

In a similar manner the barony of Lambden (the vale of the lamb) was held by John de Strivelyn, a Northumbrian knight, whose descendants, known in charters as "De Lambdene," remained faithful to the Dunbars, and suffered heavily in consequence. In the fifteenth century their barony was broken up, and their lands passed almost entirely into the hands of Lord Home.

The baronies of Greenlaw and Whiteside were retained by their feudal superior until Cospatrick, the third Earl of Dunbar, bestowed them on his second son Patrick, who built Greenlaw Castle, or "The Lord's House," as it was then called, and made it his residence. About 1230 Patrick's son, William de Greenlaw, obtained permission from the Abbot of Kelso, superior of the church of

Greenlaw, to have a private chapel attached to it. He married his cousin Ada, the daughter of Waldave, fourth Earl of Dunbar, and of the Countess Ada, natural daughter of William the Lion. The younger Ada was the childless widow of one of the great but unfortunate family of Courtenay, whose motto still bewails their fallen splendour.[1] On her first marriage she had been endowed by her father with the castle and barony of Home, and this dower she brought to her second husband. From her and William de Greenlaw descend the numerous and powerful Border family of Home.[2] During the troubles that befell the latter after the battle of Flodden and under the regency of the Duke of Albany, many of the possessions of the head of the house were dispersed, and came into the king's hands. In 1451-52 the lands of Greenlaw were erected into a free barony, and granted by James II. to Thomas de Cranston of Cranston. Shortly after his death—in or about the year 1470—the lands appear to have passed into the possession of the Redpath family, who obtained a confirmation of their barony, 1508-9. In 1596 William Redpath resigned his barony into the hands of the king, in favour of Sir George Home of

[1] "Ubi lapsus, quid feci?"

[2] William de Greenlaw bore the paternal arms of the Earls of Dunbar, but carried the *white lion* on a *green* instead of a *red* field, so as to differ from the head of the house, and to allude to his territorial designation. See Nisbet's Heraldry.

Spott, a cadet of the Home family by his descent from George, third son of Sir Alexander, the eighth baron.

Sir George Home of Spott, Lord High Treasurer to James VI., and created by him in 1604 Lord Home of Berwick, and in 1605 Earl of Dunbar, obtained a royal charter from the king (1596), which was ratified by Parliament (1600), to the effect that "the town of Greenlaw being a centrical place in the county, and so convenient for holding courts, publications of all summonses and royal letters, &c., should be erected into a free burgh or barony, with privileges equal to the privileges of the royal baronies, and that all such proclamations, &c., should be made at the 'mercat cross' of the said burgh of Old Greenlaw, as the primary and principal burgh of the whole county of Berwick." George, Earl of Dunbar, died in 1610, and his ashes lie beneath the splendid and costly monument raised to his memory in the church of Dunbar. Most of his possessions—including the lands of Eccles, which had been bestowed on him by the king—passed to his eldest daughter Anne, the wife of Sir James Home of Coldingknowes, and mother of James, third Earl of Home. His titles, being granted to the heirs male of his family, were claimed some years later by his grandnephew, Sir Alexander Home of Manderston, who also succeeded to the baronies of Greenlaw and Whiteside; but, on his becoming greatly impoverished, these lands

were seized by his creditors immediately after the Restoration.[1] At the same time—about 1661—a private bill was passed through Parliament making Duns the chief burgh of the county; and a few years later—in 1670—another Act divided this honour between Duns and Lauder, the only royal burgh in Berwickshire. Fortunately for Greenlaw, the possessions of the Homes of Spott were purchased from their creditors—as has been already said—somewhere between the Revolution of 1688 and the year 1696, by Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth; and by his exertions the Acts of 1661 and 1670 were repealed, and Greenlaw restored to its position as head burgh of the shire of Berwick.

There remains no trace to-day of the ancient castle of Greenlaw, nor of the chapel attached to it. It stood about half a mile to the east of the town, between the road and the river. Eighty years ago part of the building, then known as "The Tenandry," was still standing; but now the very foundations are ploughed up, and the only thing that recalls its existence is the name of the Castle Mill, a little farther down the Blackadder. In 1617 the Rev. David Home, minister of Greenlaw, acquired a feu right to The Tenandry, and from that date, down to the middle of the

[1] The last of this family, Alexander Home, Earl of Dunbar, settled in East Friesland, and was Governor of Embden. He was sent by the prince of that country as envoy to William III. to congratulate him on his accession to the English throne. He died abroad early in the eighteenth century, and his only son having predeceased him in 1703, the family became extinct.

last century, notices of the Homes of Greenlaw Castle occur in contemporary records. Sir Everard Home, the famous London surgeon, was born here in 1746.

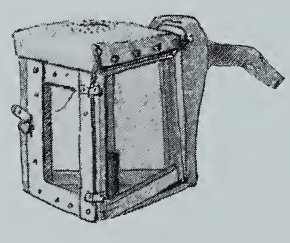
The patronage of the church of Greenlaw was given in 1147 by Cospatrick, second Earl of Dunbar, to the Abbey of St Mary at Kelso. It was repaired and almost entirely rebuilt about 1713, when the present steeple was added, westward from which extended another building similar to the church in size and appearance, in which all law and county business was transacted before the erection of the present county buildings early in this century. The rooms in the steeple were used as a prison. Hence the saying—

> "Here stands the Gospel and the Law,
> Wi' Hell's Hole atween the twa!"

When the new prison and county courts were erected about 1830, at the whole expense and by the liberality of Sir William Purves, the additional building was pulled down, and the steeple and church restored to their original state.

Besides the church, two chapels in the parish of Greenlaw belonged to the Abbey of Kelso—that of Halyburton and that of Lambden (built by Walter de Strivelyn); but no trace remains of either, nor of the populous villages that surrounded them. The chapel of Rowiestoun, which was connected with the Abbey of Melrose, has

likewise vanished; but its site is still marked by the deeper green of the turf and the line of ancient ash-trees which define the precincts of the small rectangular enclosure. It lay a little to the south-east of the Rowiestoun entrance to Marchmont, or the Lynx Lodges, as they used to be called, from the great stone lynxes—the supporters of the Purves arms—that surmounted the side gate-pillars, and which, with the Hume lions that crowned the centre pillars, are now in the garden at Marchmont. The lodges have been done away with for many years, and only the round gate-house at the top of the hill is left.



Lantern carried by Lady Grisell Baillie.

CHAPTER III.

THE happiness and prosperity of the Marchmont family reached their height during the latter years of the seventeenth century. The office of Lord Chancellor of Scotland, which was bestowed on Earl Patrick in 1696, was quickly followed by his elevation to the highest official position in the kingdom, that of the King's High Commissioner to the Parliament, to which he was appointed in 1698. This necessitated his spending a part of the year in Edinburgh. He had apartments in Holyrood, which he and Lady Marchmont furnished sumptuously,[1]

[1] In Mr George Home's MS. Journal (preserved in the Marchmont Library) occurs the following note, dated July 11, 1698: "I went with my Lord Polwarth to the Abbey, where I saw some furniture they had put up which is very fine. The hangings of the drawing-room have silver in them, and chairs of crimson damask. The bed of state is very fine, the curtaines of damask blue and white, and lined with green satin and orange fringes. I never thought blue and green suited well near each other before. . . . There are also two cabinets, two tables, two large glasses and stands, all finely Japand. I saw the coach, which is very fine and very high; but they say the painting was spoilt in the ship, but it is done up again, tho' not so well. My Lady has also a very fine chair Japand. They tell me they have spent 1200 Ms. more than their allowance."

and where they entertained in a princely fashion, as appears from a bundle of bills of fare which have been kept at Marchmont ever since, and a few of which are printed in the Appendix.[1] The food seems to have been simple and abundant, though with such an enormous number of dishes served at each meal there could not be much variety in the dinners of the different days. Forty consecutive bills of fare have been preserved, extending from the end of July to early in September 1698; and on studying them, it appears that every second day a great banquet was served, and on the intervening days dinners of more moderate proportions, though even the smaller feasts seem gigantic to our present ideas.

The rest of the year was spent in their Berwickshire home, the Castle of Redbraes, which, though ruthlessly swept away when the new house of Marchmont was built, seems, from a picture still existing of it, to have been a fine and imposing edifice. No one knows when or by whom it was built, but it was the third house in which the lords of the soil had lived. The tower of the old Barons of Polwarth stood, as has been said before, near the village. When that was deserted, a second house rose near the eastern end of the great avenue. Irregularly shaped hollows, where mighty blocks of stone crop out of the ground, the ruins of old foundations, are all

[1] See Appendix I.

REDBRAES CASTLE.

(From an old picture at Marchmont.)

now left to show the site of the Mains House.[1] Redbraes stood in a more sheltered situation, at the top of a steep bank facing the south, and was approached by a noble beech avenue. All that remains of it are the two back wings, now collectively known as "The Offices." The eastern wing held the kitchens; the other, which now houses the shepherd and the gardeners, was the laundry. The sculptured facing stones on the angles of the walls are of a similar character to, though less ornate than, those on Heriot's Hospital, and seem to suggest that part of Redbraes may date from the period of Inigo Jones. What is at present an empty grass-plot between the wings was then covered by the main edifice with its central tower of imposing height and its lines of building on either side flanked by corresponding towers. Farther away to the west was the stable-court, now used for farm purposes, and on the sunny slopes in front lay the garden. The box-edgings of the old flower-border have grown into a tall hedge, and the long rectangular lines of clipped yews are now large single trees. And that is all that is left of the old garden, unless the sheets of snowdrops, which every spring hang like a snowdrift on the steep red bank below, grew there formerly, and now bear silent witness how

[1] Julian, Lady Newton, Earl Patrick's eldest sister, was born at the Mains, as appears by an entry in her mother Lady Jedburgh's Bible. The younger children were all born at Redbraes.

far more tenderly mother Nature clings to the old memories than does ungrateful man. Some of the carved stones with arms and mottoes have been built into the wall of the present garden; and in the life-sized picture of "Mars," Lord Polwarth's favourite dog, there is a stiff and formal—therefore probably accurate—presentment of the old castle depicted in the background.[1]

Quantities of family portraits were removed from Redbraes to the present house of Marchmont, and by their help the former generations of Humes reveal themselves to their descendants. The bare record of their names and doings becomes clothed with a living and gracious personality, as one by one the shapes arise: Earl Patrick, with his shrewd kindly face and clear blue eyes; Lady Marchmont, serene and placid-looking; the bluff honest features of their soldier son, Lord Polwarth; and so through a long line of family pictures, few of any great artistic merit, and yet all so unmistakably like their originals.

Of all these portraits, none is fraught with so pathetic an interest as that of the sweet face, with deep blue eyes

[1] "Mars" was a smooth-coated black-and-white mastiff of immense size, as is shown by his collar, which is still treasured among the family relics. It is of pierced ironwork, the letters of his master's name, "Patrick, Lord Polwarth," forming the pattern. "Mars" was again painted some years later by the side of little George Hume, Lord Polwarth's eldest nephew. The boy's hand is stretched out to caress the dog, which, turning away, looks out of the picture as if watching for the master who was never to return.

Elizabeth, Lady Polwarth,
1st Wife of Patrick Lord Polwarth.

Swan Electric Engraving Co

and waving fair hair, which still smiles down from the Green Room walls. This was Lord Polwarth's passionately loved first wife, whose death caused such grief to the whole family and made the first break in the even prosperity of their existence. She was a distant cousin of his own,—Elizabeth Hume of Castle Hume, in Ireland,—and he had loved her from the time that she came, when just grown up, to stay with her Scottish relations, whose ward she was, and to share with them in the gaieties of the capital. The claims of his profession delayed the marriage for a time, as he was ordered to Flanders with his regiment; and it was not till December 1697 that the wedding took place. Their happiness lasted just four years. A chill from an accidental wetting brought on consumption, and with the first December snows of 1701 the young wife passed away. Lord Polwarth never recovered her loss; and from nursing her, he contracted the seeds of the same fatal illness, which eight years later carried him off.

"The death of my kind, and, upon all accounts, beloved daughter Bettie, your sister, is a weight upon me still!" writes Lord Marchmont years after her death to her brother Sir Gustavus; and in truth a warm and close tie had subsisted between them. Both thought deeply on religious subjects; and most touching letters exist, written to her by Lord Marchmont during that

sad autumn of 1701, when each day found her weaker, and her hopes of earthly happiness more surely slipping away.[1]

From these sad thoughts Lord Marchmont was roused by political events. He greatly felt the death of William III., which occurred in 1702. The king had always treated him with the highest consideration and esteem, and, in addition to his other marks of favour, had been pleased to give him, under the Great Seal, a very ample approbation of his services, dated April 19, 1700, declaring "Quod præfatus Comes, in omnibus muneribus a nobis concreditis, candore et integritatæ summa, cum approbatione et satisfactione nostra sese gessit et exoneravit." His advice was constantly sought on matters connected with Scottish affairs, and especially with Church government; and it was largely owing to his representations that the Presbyterian form of worship was appointed by law to be the Established Church of Scotland. In 1702 he attended the opening of the General Assembly as Lord High Commissioner. This was the last service he rendered his master, who died in the month of March while the Assembly was still sitting. Queen Anne continued him in this office, and also in that of Lord Chancellor, but he only retained them a few months. A bill that he brought in for the abjuration of the so-

[1] Marchmont Papers, vol. iii. pp. 221-233.

called Pretender (James, Prince of Wales) was obnoxious to the Court party, and was put a stop to. The Great Seal was then taken from him, and given to Lord Seafield. His removal from office did not interfere with his advocacy of his principles, and in 1703 he succeeded in getting a measure passed for the security of the Presbyterian government.

Immediately on Queen Anne's accession to the throne, an Act had been passed by the English Parliament settling the succession to the Crown on Princess Sophia and her heirs. The failure to pass a similar measure in Scotland doubled Lord Marchmont's anxiety to see a Treaty of Union drawn up between the two countries. Nothing else, in his opinion, could secure the Protestant succession in the event of the queen's death; and for this end he worked with heart and soul. His letters to his cousin the Duke of Devonshire, to Lord Somers, Lord Wharton, and other prominent English statesmen, show the importance he attached to this measure; and it was greatly owing to his advice on the selection of commissioners to treat on the different articles, that the affair was so successfully carried out. His second son, Sir Alexander Campbell, who had taken his wife's name on her succession to the Cessnock estates, and his son-in-law, Mr Baillie of Jerviswoode, were both on a sub-committee which considered the various articles in detail; while Lord Marchmont,

as one of the most distinguished leaders of the party in the Scottish Parliament known as "The Squadron," from its acting independently of either side, used his influence in a way which, on the conclusion of the treaty, called forth the following letter from the queen:[1]—

"KENSINGTON, *Novr. ye 5th.*

"The many assurances you have given me yourself of your zeale for my Service, and the accounts I have received from the Duke of Queensberry and all my other Servants of y^e^ proofes you have shewn of it in your harty Concurrance w^th^ them in y^e^ great affaire of the Union, gives me soe much satisfaction y^t^ I can not but return you my thanks my Self, and assure you I shall be glad to shew you on any occasion how sensible I am of your friendship, being Sincerely Your very affectionate freind, ANNE R.

"To the EARLE OF MARCHEMONT."[2]

With the Union ceased Lord Marchmont's parliamentary life. Though he offered himself as a candidate at the election of Scots representative peers in 1707 and 1708, it was in each case without success. The politics of Queen

[1] Lord Marchmont has been accused by Lockhart, Tindal, Smollett, and other historians, of taking English gold as a reward for his share in furthering the Union, and the exact sum is stated, £1104, 15s. 7d.—a pitiful sum for which to sell one's country! The accusation has been thoroughly gone into and refuted by Sir George Rose in his 'Defence of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont.' He shows that, far from being a bribe, the sum paid fell short of arrears owed to him by the Government for his salary as Chancellor and his pension from King William of £400 a-year, and was paid in discharge of that debt. For full details the reader is referred to 'The Marchmont Papers,' vol. i.

[2] Holograph letter at Marchmont.

Anne's Court became more Tory as time went on; and the queen's friendly feelings towards Lord Marchmont sensibly diminished, till in 1710 he was deprived of the office of High Sheriff of Berwickshire, which on being taken from him was given to Lord Home.

For some years previously he had greatly withdrawn from public life, and events had happened in his family which, to so keenly affectionate a nature, had brought much sorrow. Poor young Lady Polwarth's death was the first grief; and not two years later this was followed by the loss of Lady Marchmont. She had lived just long enough to see the restoration of Polwarth church, a pious deed probably thought of in the long dark hours during which Sir Patrick had found shelter in the vault, and which he hastened to carry out when more prosperous days arrived. Lady Marchmont had been in bad health for some time, but when the serious nature of her illness —a cancer — was discovered, Lord Marchmont removed her to Edinburgh for further advice. She died there the 11th of October 1703. All her children were with her at the last; but Lady Grisell, in an agony of grief, hid herself behind the curtains of the bed. Her mother, missing her, asked, "Where is Grisell?" and when she came forward, took her by the hand, and said, "My dear Grisell, blessed be you above all, for a helpful child have you been to me!" To the end of her life Lady Grisell

never spoke of her mother without tears, any more than she did of her eldest brother—she had been so devotedly fond of them both.

Lord and Lady Marchmont's married life had been a very happy one. Her husband wrote the following description of her in her Bible, which he gave to Lady Grisell in memory of her :—

"Grisell Lady Marchmont, her book. To Lady Grisell Hume, Lady Jerviswood, my beloved daughter. My Heart, in remembrance of your mother, keep this Bible, which is what she ordinarily made use of. She had been happy of a religious and virtuous education, by the care of virtuous and religious parents. She was of a middle stature, of a plump full body, a clear ruddy complexion, a grave majestic countenance, a composed, steady, and mild spirit, of a most firm and equal mind, never elevated by prosperity, nor debased or daunted by adversity. She was a wonderful stay and support to me in our exile and trouble, and a humble and thankful partaker with me in our more prosperous condition ; in both which, by the blessing of God, she helped much to keep the balance of our deportment even. She was constant and diligent in the practice of religion and virtue, a careful observer of worship to God, and of her duties to her husband, her children, her friends, her neighbours, her tenants, and her servants ; so that it may justly be said, her piety, probity, virtue, and prudence were without a blot or stain, and beyond reproach. As, by the blessing of God, she had lived well, so by His mercy, in the time of her sickness, and at her death, there appeared many convincing evidences that the Lord took her to the enjoyment of endless happiness and bliss. She died the 11th of October 1703,

The Lady Grisell Kar: wife of Patrick Earle of Marchmont &
Lord high Chancellour of Scotland. Anno Dñi 1698. Etatis suæ 55.

G. Kneller Equ. pinxit. I. Smith fecit.

Grisell, Countess of Marchmont,
Wife of Patrick 1st Earl.

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at Edinburgh, and was buried in my burying-place near the Canongate Church, where I have caused mark out a grave for myself close by hers, upon the left side in the middle of the ground. MARCHMONT."

Only nine of the seventeen children his wife had borne him lived to grow up, and of these Christian and Robert had long been dead, and the rest all married with homes of their own. The great red castle overlooking the Merse was a lonely dwelling now, and Lord Marchmont's life would have been a dreary one had it not been for his political schemes, which, till the Union was an accomplished fact, gave him much care and anxiety. His favourite daughter, Grisell, was now, as always, his greatest comfort. Her energy was as unflagging as her affection was warm and unwearied, and she came constantly from Mellerstain to help and advise her father in his private affairs, though her own hands were already full. Her husband, absorbed in politics, had long ago made over to her the entire management of his estates; and her two daughters, Grisell and Rachel, who were just growing up, claimed a good deal of her care.

Lord Polwarth's second marriage (which took place in the April preceding his mother's death) was a great satisfaction to the whole family. His grief at the loss of his first wife was so excessive that it gave Lady Grisell much anxiety, and both she and Lord Marchmont constantly

urged him to marry again. For some time his bad health and the memory of the past made him very averse to the idea; but at last, wearied by his father and sister's importunities, he gave way, and made proposals to the bride they had selected—Lady Jane Home, the eldest daughter of Charles, sixth Earl of Home, a young and beautiful woman, commonly known as "Bonnie Jean o' the Hirsel." It was a curious marriage for her to make; and one wonders now what was its secret history, and what inducement there could be to persuade a woman of high rank and great personal attractions to marry a man much older than herself, in broken health and spirits, who evidently did not care in the least for her. In fact, he made it no secret that he married solely to please his family, and that he recked not who the lady was, provided he had no trouble in courting her. Can it be that the few verses that survive of an old and half-forgotten ballad give a hint of the truth?—

"Bonnie Jean o' the Hirsel,
Bonnie Jean o' the Hirsel,
She has slighted baith lairds and lords,
And ta'en up wi' the Laird o' Stichill.

Stichill never will get ye, Jean,
Stichill never will get ye;
For a' his gear and his bonnie black horse,
He may come but he'll gang without ye!

Bonnie Jean o' the Hirsel,
Bonnie Jean o' the Hirsel,
She's forsaken baith lairds and lords,
An' she's off wi' the Laird o' Stichill." [1]

Had Lady Jane loved before, not wisely but too well? and did she now want to shelter herself beneath the unblemished reputation of the Marchmont family? Tradition is silent; but whatever may have happened, she made Lord Polwarth a faithful and devoted wife during the few years that their married life lasted, and after his death she continued to retain the affection and respect of his family. Her picture is still at Marchmont, a handsome imperious-looking woman, but wanting in the charm that clings to the first Lady Polwarth.

As early as the year 1708, Lord Marchmont's letters betray the anxiety caused to him by his son's health. Lord Polwarth got so rapidly worse during the summer of 1709, that he found himself obliged to ask permission from the queen to dispose of his regiment (the 7th Queen's Dragoons, of which he had been made colonel, April 28, 1707). Repairs and alterations to the house were being made at Redbraes that autumn; and it was thought that the damp and cold caused by the new building might be

[1] Stichill in Roxburghshire, the ancient seat of the Pringles of Stichill, is about ten miles from the Hirsel. Lady John Scott got these verses from Betty Thorburn, an old woman at Spottiswoode, who used to sing them long ago.

dangerous in his weak state. Lady Polwarth and he therefore removed to Kelso for the winter, as being a warmer and drier spot; and there, on the 25th of November, he expired, to the inexpressible sorrow of his relations. His father's letters are very affecting. Writing to his cousin, Mr Pringle, the following day, to tell him the sad news, he ends, "Wishing that you may never be under such a weight of grief as I now am!" And a few months later he writes as follows to Sir Gustavus Hume :—

"The sense of my loss lay heavy upon me, doth so still, and will do so till I die. I had long thought that no grief would be equal to that of young parents for the death of their young children, whereof I had much experience in my younger years; but now I am taught to think otherwise; for when kind and dutiful children add to the natural tie those of continual marks of affection in obsequiousness and all manner of kind services to the parents, enough to engage the affection even to strangers, that doth greatly add to the natural obligation. Besides, this grief, however sharp, sticks not so long with younger people—time wears it off; but when it comes upon aged people, there is no getting it shaken off. Indeed my good son had so many excellent qualities in him, as gained him the goodwill and kind affection, not only of his nearest and all others, his relations, but even of strangers who came to be of his acquaintance, whereof there are many witnesses; so that it may be guessed that I, a father of seventy years, must be much weighted by being deprived of such a son in the forty-fifth year of his age." [1]

[1] Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, to Sir Gustavus Hume, July 8, 1710.

Elsewhere he says of him that "he was a good man, having the fear of God in his heart; that he was a person of great probity and honesty; that he was a most dutiful child to his parents, and a good husband to his wife; that he was a faithful and steady friend, where he professed it; and that, as a soldier, he was both diligent and daring, composed and courageous, brave and benign; and that he had been well educated in the learning fittest for a gentleman."[1] Few fathers have been more blessed than Lord Marchmont in their children, not one of his three sons having ever given him a moment's real care or anxiety; but Patrick, the eldest, had ever been the best beloved, and his death was a heavy blow.

The following year — 1710 — brought the excitement of a wedding, that of the eldest of the grand-children, Grisell Baillie, who married young Murray of Stanhope. Though she had for some time been courted by Mr Murray, nothing was settled till a certain Thursday in August, when the young couple became engaged. They were cried thrice on the next Sunday, and married very quietly on the following Wednesday. Never did the proverb come more true, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," for a more ill-omened unhappy marriage has seldom been. Mr Murray's infirmity of temper showed itself in very

[1] Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, to George Baillie of Jerviswoode, March 27, 1710.

early days; and less than four years later—in 1714—a legal separation became necessary, as his wife was in actual danger of her life from his fits of jealous rage. From some of Mr Murray's own letters to his father-in-law, which were produced in court, it appears that at his marriage he had been attended by an intimate friend and companion of his own, a Mr Hamilton, who was till then unknown to the Jerviswoode family, and had never since been seen by them; that on the second evening after the marriage there was music and dancing, when Mr Hamilton had danced several times with Mrs Murray, whereupon Mr Murray felt himself overpowered by the most appalling apprehension that his bride had transferred her affections to his friend; that he had drawn Mr Hamilton aside and besought him not to dance any more, a request the latter made light of, and proceeded to finish the dance; that during supper he had tried to suppress his feelings, but that on retiring to his room they had burst forth in a way very deeply to offend his wife, and to call for the immediate interposition of her mother. All this he freely confessed in his letter, and also that he could not in any way accuse his wife of the slightest impropriety of conduct; but that from time to time he was tortured with the conviction that he had lost her love, and incurred her unalterable displeasure. These ideas almost amounted to insanity; and the gloomy fits of depression into which

he fell periodically filled her with terror. One day he put into her hands a paper of the 'Tatler,' which he desired her to read, in a way which seemed full of significance. She found it contained the story of the murder of Mrs Eustace by her husband, and the similarity in the characters and circumstances of the parties made a deep impression on her mind. In spite of this extraordinary conduct, he appears to have been passionately attached to her; and there is a tradition that when Mrs Murray sat for her picture in London long after the separation, the painter told her that a gentleman came frequently to his house, and would stand for an hour with his arms folded, gazing at her likeness. This person was discovered to be her husband. In 1724, by the death of his father, he became Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, but this made no difference in his relations with his wife. He displayed the same folly in the management of his property as in his domestic affairs, and by his wild and chimerical schemes rapidly dissipated the family estates. He died in poverty in 1743.

After her separation from her husband, Lady Murray passed much of her time in England, in intimate association with the most refined and cultivated society of the day. In Gay's well-known verses of congratulation to Pope on his having finished his translation of 'The Iliad,' the "sweet-tongued Murray" is named as one of

the "goodly dames" who advance to hail the return of the poet:—

> "What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
> Who knows not her? Ah! those are Wortley's eyes!
> How art thou honoured, numbered with her friends,
> For she distinguishes the good and wise!
> The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends.
> Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies!
> Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
> With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel!"

Her friendship with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was no more destined to be lasting than that of the latter with the poet. It was brought to an end in the following manner. Lady Murray had had a narrow escape in 1721 from the violence of a drunken servant of Lord Binning's, who broke into her room when the household were asleep, and but for her presence of mind might have killed her. Lady Mary chose to amuse herself by the composition of an infamous ballad on this accident; but Lady Murray was quite able to hold her own, and resented Lady Mary's malice in a way which gave her no small disturbance, as appears from her letters on the subject to her sister, Lady Mar.

A very different friend was Lady Hervey, "sweet Molly Lepel," to whom Lady Murray was deeply attached. Even when, by her mother's death, and her own succession to the Mellerstain estates, of which Lady Grisell had held

the life-rent, the greater portion of her year had to be spent in Scotland, distance proved no bar to their intimacy. In the summer of 1757 Lady Hervey made a journey to the North on purpose, as she wrote, to pass a few months with her "dearest and oldest friends, Lady Murray and her family." Two years later, in June 1759, Lady Murray died; and beyond her nearest relations, by no one was she lamented so deeply as by this friend of forty years' standing, who gives the following charming picture of her in one of her letters:—

"Never in my long life did I ever meet with a creature, in all respects, like her: many have excelled her, perhaps, in particular qualities; but none that ever I met with have equalled her in all. Sound good sense, strong judgment, great sagacity, strict honour, truth, and sincerity; a most affectionate disposition of mind; constant and steady; not obstinate; great indulgence to others; a most sweet cheerful temper; and a sort of liveliness and good-humour that promoted innocent mirth wherever she came; and, with all this, her nature, or her understanding, or both, gave her such an attention to everything and everybody, that neither when she was most vexed (and many vexations she had), nor when in her highest spirits, did she ever say or do a thing that could offend or hurt any one. In forty years, and as much as we lived together, she never said or did the least thing to me that, from any reason in the world, I could have wished undone or unsaid. Of no other person that I ever had any connection with can I say the same. Inadvertence, ill-humour, or too much spirits, will, in most people, at some time or other, make them do or say what may hurt at least for a time their best friends. But she had a kind of delicacy

in her way of thinking, accompanied by a reflection so quick, that though she seemed to speak without considering beforehand, she could not, had she considered ever so long, have more dexterously and more effectually avoided the least thing that could either directly or obliquely have made any one uneasy or out of countenance. Oh! she was—what was she not?—but 'tis all over!"[1]

[1] Mary, Lady Hervey, to the Rev. Edmund Morris, July 17, 1759.

Polwarth Church.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the accession of George I., Lord Marchmont was restored to his old office of High Sheriff of Berwickshire, and was appointed a Lord of the Court of Police. He was as devoted an adherent of the house of Hanover as he had been of the Prince of Orange; and by his prompt action, in 1715, in forbidding a meeting of the gentlemen of Berwickshire whom he suspected of sympathy with the Stuart cause, he afforded great assistance to the Government. Two years later, in 1717, he was persuaded by his children to give up living at Redbraes, which they thought too cold and lonely a residence for one of his advanced years, he being then nearer eighty than seventy. He bought a house in Berwick, where he spent the remainder of his life. Lady Julian Bellingham, now a widow, came to live permanently with him; but it was still the devoted Lady Grisell who looked after his affairs. In spite of the trouble which the management of her husband's property gave

her, she found time to go regularly through her father's accounts, settling matters with his steward, and generally superintending all his business.

Nor was this all. Her brother Alexander, now Lord Polwarth, was in 1716 sent on a mission to Copenhagen, and during his absence it was to his elder sister that he gave everything in charge—a trust which she scrupulously carried out. It does not appear certain whether his wife accompanied him to Denmark; but whether or not, Lady Grisell proved an excellent guardian to his children. With some trouble and difficulty she got the famous Colin Maclaurin—the pupil of Sir Isaac Newton, and already, at the age of twenty-one, the foremost mathematician of the day—to go abroad with George, the Master of Polwarth, a young man of extraordinary promise, who, to the grief of his family, died of a fever at Montpelier in 1724, just two months after the death of his grandfather. She sent the twins to school in London till they were old enough to go to Holland—finding a tutor for them, buying their clothes, and providing them with every necessary they could require. In short, she was a woman who never spared herself thought or trouble where anything affecting the good or the happiness of her family was concerned. When absent from her father she wrote to him constantly and regularly, sending him newspapers and any books or

pamphlets she thought might interest him; for advancing years had not in any way dulled his faculties, and he retained his light-hearted disposition and sunny cheerfulness to the last.

Lady Murray relates in her 'Memoirs' that two or three years before his death her mother and she went to visit him at Berwick. A good many of the relations had gathered to meet them; and as there were no fewer than fourteen children and grandchildren present, they indulged in their favourite amusement, a dance. Lord Marchmont was too weak to walk down-stairs, but he had himself carried into the room where they were assembled; and saying though he could not dance with them he could yet beat time with his foot, did so, and bade them dance as long as they could, as it was the best medicine he knew, giving exercise to the body while it cheered the mind. At his usual time for going to bed he was carried up-stairs, but he would not allow the music and dancing to stop, desiring them to continue, for he said the sounds, far from disturbing him, would lull him to sleep. He never wished to interrupt the innocent pleasures of others, for there was nothing morose or severe in his piety, and he often used to say, "None had so good a reason to be merry and pleased as those that served God and obeyed His commandments." He died of a fever in the eighty-fourth year of his age, on the 1st of August 1724. Lord Binning,

the husband of his granddaughter, Rachel Baillie—who chanced to be the only member of that family in Scotland at the time—went to him at the first intimation from Lady Julian of his illness, and stayed with him to the last. Even then his cheerfulness did not forsake him. As Lord Binning sat by his bedside not many hours before the end, he saw him smiling, and said to him, "My lord, what are you laughing at?" and he answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with when they come to me, expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones!" Like all his family, he was a man of slight make and active habits, and in his old age had become very thin and worn. The end was most peaceful. He passed away without a groan, and seeming happy to go.

Thus died Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont, and brought to a close an honoured and beloved old age. He lived at a time when men's passions ran high, and party opinions were strong and vehement. Hence it is that such different views of his character are presented to us by his contemporaries. By his own side he was revered as a saint, and by his opponents he was branded with the stigma of having sold his country. More than two hundred years have passed since the Revolution, and Time has cleared away the mists. We can look back and weigh the events of that period, and the characters of the persons concerned

in them, with a clearer judgment than could those who lived nearer that day. Some of his descendants may regret that Lord Marchmont was not found among the faithful few that remained steadfast to the ancient Royal line; but they must do him the justice to say—at least he was no turncoat. The opinions which in later life brought him honours and riches were the same as those he had professed from the beginning, and for which he had imperilled his life and property at a time when there seemed little prospect that a different state of affairs would ultimately prevail. His character is an easy one to understand. Perfectly frank and open, there are no complexities to unravel. With much shrewd common-sense, he was honest and upright in his dealings with strangers, while to his own family he was ever warm-hearted and affectionate, sharing keenly in their joys and sorrows. His piety was genuine and unassumed, and there was nothing of the gloom of the Puritan about him. He took thankfully and unquestioningly the blessings that fell to his lot; and when reverses came, he bowed his head and accepted them without a murmur. His firm faith in God's mercy and goodness never deserted him, so that in the darkest hour he never lost heart. Perhaps the saddest moment of his life was when, still weighed down with grief for the loss of Lady Polwarth and Lady Marchmont, he had to mourn his eldest and favourite son, cut

down in the prime of life. Even then he could write, "Yet I thank God I am supported by a Christian and hearty submission to the will of the Lord, to which, I hope, I am perfectly and totally resigned."

Among the Marchmont MSS. is a paper in his writing containing the following characteristic advice to his children :—

"The chief thing to be regarded (God is judge, your Mind and Conscience witness), that your motive and design be upright, that you aim not at Honor from selfish pride and vain ambition, but that you may have a leading capacity in doing good; nor wealth that you may live high, but that you may provide for your Family decently, and engage Friends and Neighbours to follow and assist you chiefly in things for the Public Government. Hospitality is good, barring sumptuousness in Provision, and all excess in the use; no solid Friendship was ever made or supported by Eating and Drinking; if you lend your Neighbour or Friend, in need, Fifty or a hundred Pounds, it engages more than five hundred Feasts. Affability, Humility and Sobriety, with Consideration and Forethinking, are indispensible; if God so guide your Heart, he will employ, furnish, support, and give you success, you still doing your part and duty diligently and faithfully (God grant you may follow such a course). Let never disappointments discourage you; God rules; submit cordially to what His Providence determines; His Time is not then come; do your Duty, attend opportunities, and wait for it."

Lady Grisell survived her father many years. Her only boy had died in childhood, but his loss was made up to

her by the affection of her son-in-law, Lord Binning, the husband of her youngest daughter, Rachel. To him she was warmly attached; and on account of his health she and her daughters went abroad with him in 1731. As they passed through Holland, she revisited her old haunts at Utrecht, and took great delight in showing to her children the place where in her young days she had been so poor and yet so happy. She would have liked to take them over the house that her parents had lived in, but no persuasion nor offers of money could induce the owner to let her enter it. The reason he gave was his fear lest she should dirty it. In vain she offered to take off her shoes, but nothing would mollify him. Although she had never spoken the Dutch language since she left Holland in 1688, it rapidly came back to her; and she was able to make herself understood, and to transact all necessary business. She appears to have had the gift of languages, for on arriving at Naples—their eventual destination—she could not speak a word of Italian; but, by the help of a grammar and a dictionary, she soon obtained such a command over the language that she was able to direct her Italian servants, and to go to shops and buy everything for which the household had occasion. Lord Binning died at Naples in 1732, and her grief was so excessive that she wore mourning for him to the end of her life. With pleasure, she said, she would have begged her bread to have saved

his life. Her affection for him was now transferred to his children, her grandsons, to whom she could deny nothing. They were educated at Oxford, and to be near them she lived there for some years, and there Mr Baillie died in 1738. "The best of husbands, and the delight of my life for forty-eight years," as she calls him. He left to his wife a life-interest in his property, so as to keep it out of the hands of his son-in-law, Sir Alexander Murray, who fortunately predeceased her.

The last years of Lady Grisell's life were embittered by some misunderstanding with her nephews and nieces of Marchmont — her brother's children — to whom in their younger days she had been a second mother. Nothing is now known of what caused this disagreement, as Lady Murray gives no particulars, merely saying that it caused her mother much pain; while Sir George Rose only mentions that amongst the Marchmont papers and letters he found nothing bearing on the subject. Lady Grisell died in London on the 6th of December 1746, having almost completed her eighty-first year. Lady Hervey, who knew her intimately, writes: "I saw and heard old Lady Grisell six months before she died, as lively, as entertaining, as sagacious, and with all her senses as perfect as ever." By her own wish she was carried back to Mellerstain to lie beside her husband. She was so anxious on this point that she was in the habit of always carrying sufficient

money for the purpose in a black purse with her, in case of her dying away from home. Lady Murray was childless, and on her death the Mellerstain estates passed to her only sister, Lady Binning, and eventually to the latter's second son, George, who took his grandfather's name of Baillie. Two of Lady Grisell's songs are printed in the Appendix. On them rests her claim to be numbered among the sweet singers of Scotland, for though she is known to have written others, these are all that have been handed down to later generations.[1]

[1] See Appendix II.

Baillie Arms.

CHAPTER V.

ALEXANDER, the second Earl of Marchmont, born in 1675, was the third son of Sir Patrick Hume (afterwards first Earl), and was younger than his sisters Grisell, Christian, and Julian. During his father's exile in Holland he spent between two and three years at the University of Utrecht, studying—as he tells us himself—"civil law, philosophy, and other parts of learning, but especially the civil law, that being the profession he designed to follow." In later years, and in his diplomatic career, he reaped the advantage of his foreign studies, and probably owed to them a good deal of the success that attended his appointments abroad as Ambassador. On his family's return to Scotland in 1688, he accompanied them, and continued reading for the law in Edinburgh. During his residence there he courted and married the daughter of Sir George Campbell of Cessnock. He was only twenty-two years of age at the time, and his marriage helped greatly towards his advancement in his profession.

Alexander, 2nd Earl of Marchmont.

Swan Electric Engraving Co

Margaret Campbell was a great heiress, and on her father's death, in 1704, her husband succeeded him, not only in his Ayrshire estates, but also in his place on the Scottish Bench, where he sat under the same title of Lord Cessnock. He had previously been known as Sir Alexander Campbell, having adopted the name of his wife's family, and having in 1696 been knighted by the king's commissioner, the Duke of Queensberry. In addition to his legal work, he early threw himself into political life, and sat in the Scottish Parliament before the Union, first for Kirkwall and then for Berwickshire. He had been bred up in the Whig and Presbyterian traditions of the family, and the house of Stuart found in him as stern and uncompromising an adversary as his father had been before him. Sharing the same views as to the great importance of the Union of the kingdoms, he zealously promoted that measure, and took an active part in the work of the subcommittee to which the Articles of Union were referred.

The political line of conduct, originating from his strong Presbyterian bias, which Earl Patrick laid down for himself, and which in early life had exposed him to so many dangers and reverses, proved ultimately the source of fortune to his family. The princes he served so faithfully were never slow to reward their adherents. First William, then Anne, then the house of Hanover, heaped honours on the Marchmont family. In quick succession Sir Alexander

Campbell was made a Lord of Session, a Privy Councillor, and a Lord of Exchequer. The death of his elder brother in 1709 gave him the courtesy title of Lord Polwarth. Three years later—in 1712—having obtained leave from Queen Anne to repair to Spa to drink the waters, he went from thence to Hanover to ascertain whether the reports, prevalent in England, were well founded that the Elector was indifferent to his chances of succeeding to the English Crown. A correspondence ensued between him and the Electoral Court. The death of the Electress Sophia in May 1714 caused a great change in the sentiments of her son, who now became as earnest as she had been in the hope of succeeding to this rich inheritance. Lord Polwarth threw himself heart and soul into the Hanoverian interests, and in 1715 was rewarded for his devotion by being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Berwickshire, in which capacity he raised two troop of horse and two battalions of foot to help in the suppression of Lord Mar's rising. With one battalion of foot he marched to Falkirk to join the Hanoverian force, but was hurriedly despatched from there by the Duke of Argyle to render assistance to the garrison of Edinburgh.[1]

[1] Lord Polwarth's nephew by marriage, Lord Binning, alludes to this in his song, "In praise of Emilius":—

> "Some cry up pretty Polwarth for his appearance great,
> For wi' his Orange regiment the rebels he defeat;
> But of all the pretty gentlemen of whom the town do tell,
> Emilius, Emilius, he bears away the bell."

In 1716 he vacated his seat in the Court of Session in favour of his brother, Sir Andrew Hume (who took the title of Lord Kimmerghame), and was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Prussia. At the last moment his destination was changed, and he was sent instead as Ambassador to the Court of Denmark; and thus the letters from George I. and Caroline, Princess of Wales, recommending him warmly to the King and Queen of Prussia, still repose undelivered in a cabinet at Marchmont.[1] With his appointment at Copenhagen began the diplomatic life for which his early familiarity with foreign ways, his courtly manners,—which concealed great firmness of purpose and reticence of opinion,—and his calm judgment, made him eminently suited. This total change of duties did not altogether sever his connection with the legal circles of his native country, as in the December of the year in which he left Scotland he was made Lord Clerk Register, an office formerly held by his father-in-law. He remained at Copenhagen till the spring of 1721; and there at different times Lord Carteret and Lord Glenorchy were his colleagues in the Embassy. From the many scarce and valuable historical works in the Marchmont Library, containing his book-plate of this date, he appears to have devoted much of his time abroad to the cultivation

[1] See Appendix III.

of letters and the research of curious editions. It is also probable that it was at Copenhagen he acquired the portrait of Charles XII. of Sweden, by Lionel, Count de Dysert, which is now let into a panel in the saloon at Marchmont, and of which several replicas exist in England. A practical recognition of the value of his services was given in January 1722 by his nomination to the post of First Ambassador on the part of England to the Congress held at Cambray. Lord Whitworth was associated with him in this high position, but in a subordinate capacity. By the curious irony of Fate, the day in March on which, with the utmost pomp and magnificence, he made his public entry into the city of Cambray, was the very day on which his wife died in Edinburgh.

Margaret, Lady Polwarth, does not appear, even by her own daughter's account, to have been a very lovable person. A spoilt child from infancy, with an inordinate idea of her own importance, she had grown up a fair-haired, supercilious-looking woman, who never seems to have fitted into her husband's family. She is rarely mentioned in their letters, and her death does not seem to have caused great sorrow. She had seldom accompanied her husband on his foreign missions, and during his absences abroad he appears to have relied more on the affectionate good sense of his sister Grisell in the management of his affairs than on his wife's capabilities. Even

Margaret, Lady Polwarth,
Wife of Alexander, afterwards 2nd Earl.

her boys had seen but little of their mother, and at the time of her death they were abroad with their tutors. Lord Polwarth remained at Cambray till the Congress broke up in the spring of 1725, when he returned home, bringing with him a curious memento of his labours in the form of a series of pastel portraits representing the envoys of the different countries, which are still preserved at Marchmont. In his own portrait he is represented wearing a light-blue ribbon with the badge of the Thistle, that order having been conferred on him by commission in 1725.[1]

The home to which he returned had greatly altered in his absence. His wife was dead, and had been quickly followed to the grave by her two elder sons and two of her daughters. His father had died in 1724—the same year that deprived him of his boys—and he was now Lord Marchmont. He never married again, but passed the remainder of his life between London and Berwickshire. For some years he occupied himself greatly with political life; but his enmity to Sir Robert Walpole, and particularly his joining the Opposition against the excise scheme, proved his downfall, and in 1733 he was deprived of all his offices. Both on public and private grounds, he disliked and opposed the all-powerful Minister. His pride as a Scotsman

[1] This corroborates the assertion sometimes made, that at one time the ribbon of the Thistle was a bright pale blue, instead of green as now.

was humiliated by the way in which Sir Robert and his Lieutenant, Lord Islay, governed Scotland, more as a conquered country than as one which, by the Treaty of Union, was expressly admitted to have equal rights with her larger neighbour; and he justly repudiated the theory that the sixteen representative peers of Scotland should be the nominees of the Minister, instead of being the free choice of their equals. To expose the corruption and intimidation employed in the peers' election of 1734, he joined the Dukes of Hamilton, Queensberry, and Montrose, the Earls of Stair, Strathmore, Dundonald, Rothes, and many others of the Scottish nobility, in a petition to the Crown. The leading English members of the Opposition acted with them, but to no purpose, Sir Robert's power being too firmly seated to be easily overthrown. Lord Marchmont likewise disapproved strongly of the way in which the Minister fomented the quarrels between George II. and Frederick, Prince of Wales. In a memorandum which he drew up in 1737, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales having removed the Princess suddenly from Kew to London, at—as the King's friends gave out—the needless peril of her life, he plainly gives his opinion that Sir Robert had set down in writing—and incorrectly—a conversation he had had with the Prince; and that by showing this paper to the King, he had greatly increased his Majesty's ire against his son. Lord Marchmont ends his memorandum

with these significant words: "What does one deserve who goes and puts in writing what passes in private conversation, to make a bad use of it? But what does he deserve who puts a private discourse in writing, and reports it to the King, to alienate and inflame against a Prince of Wales, the apparent heir of the Crown?"

Though Lord Marchmont's exclusion from the number of representative peers at the election of 1734 debarred him from taking an active part in public life, he continued to support his party by his letters and advice, even when failing health compelled him to lead the existence of a semi-invalid. He died at Redbraes in February 1740, and almost the last act of his life was the planting of the great avenue at Marchmont. His son and he seem to have often discussed the plan of building a fourth and last house, more magnificent than any of its predecessors; but he finally decided to leave that to Lord Polwarth to carry out, and to content himself with planting the stately approach, a mile and a third long, that should lead up to it.

Alexander, the second Earl of Marchmont, died secure in the esteem of all who had ever come in contact with him. Of a less open and transparent nature than his father, he was in consequence more difficult to know; but his courtly if somewhat reserved manners covered great kindliness of heart, and his high sense of honour and

firmness of principles commanded universal respect. Like Earl Patrick, he thought deeply on religious matters. In his Bible, beneath his name and the date "Cambray, 1st May 1725," is this note in his own writing—"To be read thrice a-year: first, 1st January; second, 1st May; third, 1st September;" and following it is a plan for dividing the volume into portions for every morning and evening throughout the given four months. In person he was a tall, slight, handsome man, perhaps the best-looking of the three Earls of Marchmont. To a nature whose warmest affections centred themselves in his nearest relations, the death of his two eldest boys was a great sorrow. He was survived by the twin brothers, who through life preserved such a bewildering likeness to each other. Over and over again their pictures were painted. First as boys of four years old, hand in hand, dressed in tunics and sandals, and carrying their bows and quivers, while behind them in the distance rise the towers of Redbraes. Next they look down on later generations as young men with fowling-pieces; and, except for the different colours of their long-skirted coats, equally indistinguishable. Lastly, they appear as calm sedate personages in their robes of state — Hugh in his peer's velvet and ermine, and Alexander in the richly embroidered gown of the Lord Clerk Register, and still with the same strong likeness of feature and expression.

Hugh and Alexander

twin Sons of Alexander 2nd Earl of Marchmont.

Aged 4 Years.

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This perplexing resemblance gave rise, as may be supposed, to many mistakes, an amusing example of which has been preserved by Sir George Rose, and is as follows:—

The Chevalier de Ramsay was in England, and about to publish his 'Travels of Cyrus' by subscription. The two brothers had each undertaken to procure a certain number of subscribers. Lord Marchmont had completed his list, and had notified to the author his having done so; while his brother, deeply occupied in legal as well as political pursuits, had wholly lost sight of the matter. Hume Campbell, passing through Westminster Hall, but not in his professional dress, met a nobleman for whom he was retained in an important cause, and who took that opportunity of talking to him much at length respecting it. Whilst this was passing, the Chevalier de Ramsay, coming towards them, saw, as he imagined, Lord Marchmont in his brother, accosted him as such, and overwhelmed him with a profusion of thanks and compliments, which he thought it better to accept quietly, than, by setting him right, to lead to an explanation which must have brought to light his own small deserts, and neglect of his undertaking. As soon as the Chevalier was gone, the nobleman, who was well acquainted with both the brothers, turning to Hume Campbell, exclaimed, "My dear lord, I entreat your pardon for my extreme stupidity

and want of observation. I took you for your brother, and have been thus annoying you with my tiresome lawsuit, on which you have heard me with so much patience."[1]

[1] Marchmont Papers, selected by Sir George Henry Rose, vol. i., Preface.

Panel of hammered iron-work with cypher of Alexander, second Earl of Marchmont.

CHAPTER VI.

THE twin brothers were born on the 15th of February 1708, and they entered Parliament in 1734—Hugh, Lord Polwarth, representing Berwick-upon-Tweed, and Alexander Hume Campbell the county of Berwickshire. The same election which gave them seats in the Lower House had deprived their father of his as a representative peer; but, in the words of Sir George Rose, the brothers "rushed at once into the conflict with the Minister who had thrust Lord Marchmont out of public life, and achieved for themselves a splendid reputation; and their father had the gratification to see them acquire it with singular rapidity in a career which to them was one of filial piety as well as of public duty." Gifted with brilliant abilities and great oratorical powers, they are among the few instances of twins who have both been remarkable men.

It was said of Hugh, the elder, who became Lord Marchmont in 1740, that "he was distinguished for

learning, for brilliancy of genius, and for parliamentary experience." The estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries early in life may be judged of by his close and intimate friendship with Lord Cobham and Sir William Wyndham,—the former of whom gave his bust a place in the Temple of Worthies at Stow,[1]—and by the mention of him in Pope's well-known lines:—

On his Grotto at Twickenham.

"Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St John sate and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor
Who dare to love their country, and be poor."

Through life he remained an intimate friend of Pope, who appointed him one of his executors.[2] He filled the

[1] This bust is now in the saloon at Marchmont, having been bought at the Stow sale by Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, Bart.

[2] In justice to Lord Marchmont's memory, it is fair to say that he had nothing to do with the neglect of Pope's papers, for which he has been blamed by Dr Johnson. All his manuscripts and unprinted papers Pope left to Lord

same office to another person, also a celebrity in her time. This was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, a warm and consistent friend of Earl Alexander. She had named him as her executor; and, on his death, begged his son to take his place. The sincerity of her feelings towards the family is shown by the warm-hearted impulsive letter she wrote to Earl Hugh on his father's death. Thinking that at the moment he might be short of money, she offered to send him £1000 then and there, being half the legacy which she had always intended to leave him. She eventually left him £2500.

The six years that Lord Polwarth passed in the Lower House gave proof of his talents in debate.[1] Sir Robert Walpole, it is said, "used frequently to rally his sons, who were praising the speeches of Pulteney, Pitt, Lyttelton, and others, by saying, 'You may cry up their speeches if you please; but when I have answered Sir John

Bolingbroke, "committing them to his sole care and judgment, to preserve or destroy them; or in case he should not survive him, to the above said Earl of Marchmont." As Lord Bolingbroke survived Pope, the papers never came into Lord Marchmont's possession.

[1] The opinion expressed by Earl Stanhope respecting Lord Polwarth is worthy of notice. Speaking of the severe blow which the removal of this accomplished debater from the House of Commons, on the death of his father in 1740, dealt to the Opposition, he says: "Polwarth was a young man of distinguished abilities, of rising influence in the Commons, of great, perhaps too great, party warmth—an opinion in which the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, did not concur. 'I have heard some say,' she wrote, 'that Lord Polwarth and his brother are too warm; but I own I love those that are so, and never saw much good in those that are not.'"

Barnard and Lord Polwarth, I think I have concluded the debate.'" The whirligig of time brings many changes to pass, and the animosity felt by Alexander, Lord Marchmont, against Sir Robert Walpole, threw his son into the arms of men whose political opinions—in their earlier years at any rate—differed widely from the hereditary principles of the Marchmont family. Lord Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham both entered life as adherents of the house of Stuart; and even after their reconciliation to the reigning family, they headed the old Tory party. To their ranks Lord Polwarth and his brother were warmly welcomed. His removal from the House by his succession to his father's title was a great loss to the Opposition, coming as it did at the same moment as Sir William Wyndham's death.[1] Pope writes to him on this occasion:—

[1] Sir William Wyndham (father of the first Earl of Egremont) was a most upright and amiable man, and warmly attached to the royal family of Stuart. Born of a Tory family, and "imbued," says Coxe in his 'Life of Sir Robert Walpole,' "from his earliest years with the notions of divine right, he uniformly opposed the succession of the house of Brunswick." He was born in 1686, and under Lord Oxford's Administration was made Master of the Buckhounds, and afterwards Secretary of War and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1715 he was sent to the Tower for his Jacobite opinions, in direct violation of a promise made to his father-in-law, the Duke of Somerset, on the Duke's engaging that he should be forthcoming if required. He told Lord Marchmont in later years that, on entering the Tower, the white horse (the arms of Hanover) struck him forcibly, it having been predicted to him that he would suffer by a white horse. He added that once, when hunting, he dismounted from a white horse he rode, in order to turn him over a leap, and received a severe kick from him. Sir William Wyndham died in 1740.

"If God had not given this nation to perdition, he would not have removed from its service the men whose capacity and integrity alone could have saved it."[1]

And Lord Bolingbroke in a letter to Pope breaks out:—

"What a star has our Minister? Wyndham dead—Marchmont disabled! The loss of Marchmont and Wyndham to our country! I take for granted that you have a correspondance with Lord Marchmont. I writ to him the other day, but do you write to him. I wish the event of Wyndham's death may not determine him to settle in Scotland. God forbid! Do not fail, when you write, to tell him how much I honor his virtue and his talents, and love his person. He, and you, and I are by different causes in much the same situation; lovers of our country; grieved at her present state; and unable to help her."

For some years Lord Marchmont remained out of Parliament; but the diary he kept during that time shows how closely he followed the course of events, and how much his opinion and advice were sought by those who were able to take a more prominent part in public affairs. In 1744 he was sounded by Lord Chesterfield as to whether he would accept an appointment abroad as Ambassador, and the Court of Prussia was hinted at. But he refused to entertain any such idea, alleging as a reason that his father had ruined his political chances by remaining abroad till all his friends were dead and he himself forgotten; and that he was averse to running the

[1] Mr Pope to Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, February 29, 1740.

same risk. In 1747 he was appointed First Lord of Police, and in 1750 he was elected one of the sixteen representative peers, and from that time sat continuously in the Upper House till 1784. But he had waited too long, and the bright promise of his early days was never fulfilled. Circumstances had greatly changed during the ten years in which he had to submit to be a mere looker-on at the arena; and in political life he must be reckoned as a disappointed man. In his youth he had been the chosen companion of men older than himself, who appreciated to the full the keenness of his intellect, and a calmness of judgment beyond his years. One by one death had removed these early friends, and when Lord Marchmont again entered Parliament he found himself the last survivor of the brilliant set with which he had become so identified. His friendship with Lord Bolingbroke was the closest and most intimate of his life, and subsisted without a break till the death of the latter in 1751. In 1764 Lord Marchmont was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, and this was the last office bestowed on him.

Earl Hugh's first wife, Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Western, whom he married in May 1731, was a gentle, pretty woman, whose sixteen years of wedded life have left little trace in the family history. Her portrait, with its soft brown eyes and small delicate features, hangs in

one of the rooms at Marchmont; and in Polwarth church a marble slab records that her husband raised this monument to the eternal memory of the most obedient and incomparable of wives.[1] She died at Redbraes in 1747, and was buried by the side of her only son. Lord Marchmont's grief was not inconsolable. Within a year her place was filled by the beautiful woman whom he first saw in a London playhouse, where he was so struck by her loveliness that he inquired who she was, made her acquaintance the following day, and then and there proposed to her.[2] This was Elizabeth Crompton, the

[1] "MEMORIÆ ÆTERNÆ
ANNÆ WESTERN,
HUGO COMES DE MARCHMONT,
CONJUGI INCOMPARABILI,
OBSEQUENTISSIMÆ
ET OPTIME DE SE MERITÆ
POSUIT
EJUSQUE CORPUS IN ARCA
HIC CONDIDIT."

[2] David Hume to Mr Oswald of Dunnikier, London, January 29, 1748. "Lord Marchmont has had the most extraordinary adventure in the world. About three weeks ago he was at the play, where he espied in one of the boxes a fair virgin, whose looks, airs, and manners had such a powerful and undisguised effect upon him, as was visible by every bystander. His raptures were so undisguised, his looks so expressive of passion, his inquiries so earnest, that every person took notice of it. He soon was told that her name was Crompton, a linen-draper's daughter that had been bankrupt last year, and had not been able to pay above five shillings in the pound. The fair nymph herself was about sixteen or seventeen, and being supported by some relations, appeared in every public place, and had fatigued every eye but that of his Lordship, which, being entirely employed in the severer studies, had never till that fatal moment opened upon her charms. Such and so powerful was their effect, as to be able

daughter of a linen-draper in Cheapside; and the marriage that was brought about in so odd a way proved a happy one. A portrait of her, said to be by Sir Joshua, hangs in the dining-room at Marchmont. The hair turned back from the forehead, and dressed high in the fashion of the day, suits the perfect oval face, faultless alike in feature and colouring. Small wonder that the recollection of "the beautiful Lady Marchmont" lingered long in the home to which she came as a bride in 1748. "Just the fairest creature that ever trod this earth!" was the description her old housekeeper, Mrs Blackwall, gave of her more than sixty years afterwards to my great-grandmother, then newly married.

Two years later, in 1750, came the crowning joy of Lord Marchmont's life, the birth of the son on whose future such hopes were built.[1] The welcome news brought the following letter from Lord Bolingbroke, pathetic in its strain of exultant joy—doubly pathetic to those who know that this was the last of the lengthy series that had passed

to justify all the Pharamonds and Cyruses in their utmost extravagances. He wrote next morning to her father, desiring to visit his daughter on honourable terms; and in a few days she will be the Countess of Marchmont. All this is certainly true. They say many small fevers prevent a great one. Heaven be praised that I have always liked the persons and company of the fair sex! for by that means I hope to escape such ridiculous passions. But could you ever expect the ambitious, the severe, the bustling, the impetuous, the violent Marchmont, of becoming so tender and gentle a swain—an Artamenes—an Oroondates!"—Oswald's Correspondence.

[1] Alexander, Lord Polwarth, was born in London, July 30, 1750.

Elizabeth, Countess of Marchmont,
2nd Wife of Hugh 3rd Earl.

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between the friends. His infirmities made writing almost impossible to him, and the following year Lord Bolingbroke was no more.[1]

"BATTERSEA, *Tuesday, July* 31, 1750.

"MY LORD,—I would give one of my hands to have the free use of the other on this occasion, that I might be able to tell you, under my own hand, the transport of pleasure which your letter gives me. My Lady is well, the child is well, and you have a successor. May he be such, and I trust he will be such, to all your virtues!

"Believe, my Lord, your own joy cannot be greater than that of your devoted humble servant, H. ST J. BOLINGBROKE."

Simultaneously with the birth of the heir, Lord Marchmont began the new house which he and his father had planned. It took ten years for that stately mansion to rise from its foundations. The building was only carried on in summer, and the unfinished works were carefully covered up during the winter months. When at last it was completed, Lord Marchmont was asked by a friend why, with so much fine stone at his command, he had not ordered ashlar building instead of contenting himself with rubble-work. "Because I intend to live in the inside of my house and not on the outside," was the answer. Yet the decoration of the interior was not carried out on the scale of lavish magnificence which Adams had planned, and the designs for which

[1] Lord Bolingbroke died November 15, 1751.

are still preserved at Marchmont. The saloon and the great drawing-room are the only rooms finished according to the original intention. The tower at the farther end of the avenue—a pigeon-house—was built at the same time. Lord Marchmont took a great interest in his estates, and was a generous and considerate landlord, encouraging agricultural improvements. He laid out a great deal of money on his property, and very much increased its extent by the purchase of Home Castle and its surrounding lands, and also of other farms lying nearer the Tweed. This he was enabled to do by the sale of his mother's estates of Cessnock. Home Castle till now had belonged to Lord Home, the head of the family, since the days when Waldave, fourth Earl of Dunbar, bestowed it as a marriage portion on his daughter Ada. During the eighteenth century the parent house had fallen on evil days, and as its star declined that of Marchmont rose and shone with greater lustre. The younger line had absorbed into itself by degrees the hereditary possessions of other branches of the family. It has been already said how Earl Patrick had acquired the lands of Greenlaw and Whiteside—for nearly a hundred years the patrimony of the Homes of Spott, Earls of Dunbar of the last creation,—and now, by the purchase from Lord Home of these rich lands lying to the south and west, Earl Hugh made himself master of the finest, if not the largest, property in Berwickshire.

Alexander, Lord Polwarth,
Son of Hugh 3rd Earl.

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The precious only son, for whom this was so carefully gathered together, grew up very like his mother in face, with the same regular refined features. His picture hangs next hers, a pale handsome man, with powdered hair and dark melancholy eyes. Lady Marchmont's ambition was even greater than her affection for him; and though she attained her desire, she broke her son's heart. The romance of his life was Lady Georgina Spencer (afterwards the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire), but in his mother's eyes no one less than the greatest fortune of the day was worthy to mate with the heir of Marchmont. She married him, when barely twenty-two, to Lady Amabel Yorke, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's granddaughter; and, on her mother's death, Baroness Lucas in her own right. Lord Polwarth submitted in silence, but from that moment life lost its interest. He fell into bad health, and nine years later died of a decline at Wrest, his wife's place in Bedfordshire, on the 9th of March 1781. His marriage was childless, and the coveted English estates passed away for ever from the Marchmont line. In 1776 he had been created a peer of Great Britain by the title of Baron Hume of Berwick, which title expired with him. His widow never remarried, but as Countess de Grey — which she was created in 1816—survived her husband forty-nine years.

Lord Polwarth's death left his parents desolate indeed. The beautiful Lady Marchmont had never had but that

one child; and the three little daughters that she had found at Redbraes on her marriage had long ere this left the paternal home. Lady Anne, the eldest, who was very like her mother, had not wandered far afield when, in 1755, she married Sir John Paterson of Eccles. Six miles of pleasant country roads with broad grass edges, and winding between hedges thick with wild roses, and pink in the spring-time with apple-blossoms, lead from Marchmont to the little village of Eccles, which is situated about six miles to the north-east of Kelso.

The home of Lady Anne's married life boasted of great antiquity. Cospatrick, third Earl of Dunbar, planted a colony here of Cistercian nuns in 1156, and granted to them the church of St Cuthbert and St Andrew, which in 1248 was rededicated by Bishop David de Bernham. He endowed a convent, which he dedicated to Our Lady; and there his grandson, Patrick, fifth Earl of Dunbar, lies buried.[1]

During the wars which devastated the Borders in the following century, the nuns trembled for the safety of their convent. Ada de Fraser, their Prioress, swore

[1] Patrick, fifth Earl of Dunbar, died in 1232, after enjoying his earldom for fifty years. His end was somewhat singular, and is thus related in the 'Chron. de Mailros': "After spending the festival of Christmas with his children and neighbours, he sent for his relation and friend, the Abbot of Melrose, and receiving from him extreme unction, with the religious habit, he quietly expired at the extremity of an honourable life."

fealty to Edward I. in 1296, and received his protection and that of the two succeeding English monarchs. Till the middle of the sixteenth century the little community was left in peace;[1] but on the 27th of September 1544, the English, under Sir Brian Latoun, took the church of Eccles by assault. They slew eighty persons within the nunnery and village, and burned and despoiled the place. Exactly a year later, it was again plundered and burnt by Hertford. The remains of the convent can still be seen at the back of Eccles House, where they form the wall of the east gable of the house and two vaulted cells, contiguous to the churchyard, the walls of which are 3 feet 9 inches in thickness.

Sir John Paterson was a racing man, and the fine stables, which now seem disproportioned to the size of the house, were built by him out of money won at cards from the Duke of Roxburghe. He was not over-particular as to the means he took to improve his property. A sycamore-tree, of great size and antiquity, still flourishes in the south-east corner of the curious square orchard, with very high walls and a pond in the centre, which is one of the most striking features of Eccles. This tree was one of a row which formerly

[1] The convent of Eccles was visited November 13, 1523, by the Duke of Albany when retreating from Wark Castle. He stayed till midnight, and then marched to Lauder.

The revenue of the convent previous to 1560 was £647, 13s. 8d.

lined the public road. The story goes that Sir John invited the other heritors to dine with him, made them drunk, and staked off a fresh plan of the road, to which, in their muddled state, they readily agreed. By this means he enlarged his orchard at the expense of the parish, and the tree, which formerly stood outside, is now within the walls. The same thing occurred in the churchyard, where he had the eastern boundary moved some feet farther west; in this case placing the row of ash-trees—of the last of which only a stump remains—outside the churchyard fence. He was less successful in his attempt to move the ancient cross at Deadrigs, which he wished to set up as an ornament on his own lawn. The workmen whom he sent to remove it in 1788, dug several feet into the earth on either side, but were fortunately unable to raise the stone on which it stands.[1]

[1] This ancient monument stands close to the farm of Crosshall, about half a mile to the north-west of Eccles, at a place formerly called Deadrigs. It is a pillar with a circular top hewn from one block of hard white sandstone, and is inserted into a base of the same material. The measurements, as given in the 'New Statistical Account of Berwickshire,' by Dr R. D. Thomson, are as follows: "The column above the base measures 10 feet high, 1 foot 6 inches broad on the west and east sides at the bottom, and 1 foot on the north and south. The pedestal, which is a large solid block of sandstone, is 2 feet 6 inches high, and 3 feet square on its upper surface, and is raised 1 foot 6 inches above the ground, so that the whole elevation of the cross is 14 feet." On both east and west sides of the circle at the top is engraved a plain cross. On the east side of the pillar is the effigy of a man, his feet and knees turned inwards, and his hands applied to his breast, attended by a greyhound with

In his time there was a flourishing ale-house at Orange Lane, to which most of the neighbouring lairds resorted in the evening, and finished their potations, much after the manner of the Baron of Bradwardine and his friends.

pricked-up ears and long sweeping tail. On the opposite or west side is a shield bearing three chevrons; and below, a St John's Cross 5 feet 2 inches high. The south and north sides are a third part narrower than the east and west. On the south side the same shield is repeated, and beneath is a two-handed sword. On the north side is a cross Calvary, the top of it enclosed in an ornament resembling a shield. By the country-people it is often called "Percie's Cross," from a tradition that it marks the grave of one of that family. Another popular story relates that a governor of Home Castle was killed on this spot; and there is a tradition that a battle between the Scotch and English was fought close by, during which the burn ran with blood for twenty-four hours. The shield bearing three chevrons proves that the cross was set up when the science of heraldry was pretty far advanced, and after the first Crusade—1096; for it was not till then that the Scottish nobility assumed coats armorial. The repetition of so many crosses on the stone probably shows that the person whose monument it is had been at the Holy War. This would fix the date still later; for the first time that any number of Scotsmen went to the East was to the second Crusade—1144. Mr Roger Robertson of Ladykirk, whose account, printed in vol. i. of the 'Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,' 1792, is the earliest detailed notice of the cross, concludes, from the arms on the shield, that it was raised to commemorate one of the Soulis family, and suggests that it is the monument of the father of that Sir John Soulis who was lieutenant to John Baliol. This appears improbable, as Sir John's father was Nicholas de Sules (or Soulis), the erector of Hermitage Castle and Sheriff of Roxburgh, who, although the wisest and most eloquent man in the kingdom, fell into disgrace and was exiled in 1255, and died at Rouen in 1264. The Soulis family were lords of Liddesdale, and, as far as is known, never held possessions in this part of Berwickshire. It is, however, quite possible that some distinguished scion of the race may have fallen here in some unrecorded skirmish, of which tradition is the only chronicler. Detailed accounts of this cross may also be found in Muir's 'Notes on Remains of Ecclesiastical Architecture,' p. 35; in 'Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries,' vol. iv., 1863; and in 'Proceedings of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club,' vol. x., 1883.

It was after some little tiff that arose there between him and his neighbour, Sir Alexander Purves, that Sir John revenged himself by improvising a variety on the well-known Bemersyde prophecy—the new version running thus,—

> "Whate'er betide, whate'er befa',
> There'll aye be a gowk in Purves Ha'."

The origin of the name of Orange Lane has never been clearly made out, but it may possibly refer to the crowned orange in the Marchmont arms. Near the inn, to the west of the road, was a small plantation marked on old maps, but now cut down, which was called "Anne's Grove," after Lady Anne. Sir John and she had an only child, another Anne, who married Sir Philip Anstruther in 1778, but died childless. Lady Anne Paterson died at Newcastle, July 27, 1790.

Lord Marchmont's second daughter, Lady Margaret Stuart, had also died childless in January 1765, little more than a year after her marriage; and the youngest, Lady Diana, became completely estranged from her father during the last fourteen years of his life. She was born in 1733, and married in 1754 Walter Scott of Harden, the head of the great Border family of Scott. His political opinions differed from his father-in-law; and in 1780 he allowed his only son, Hugh, who had just come

of age, to be nominated as candidate for the county, in opposition to Sir John Paterson, Lord Marchmont's son-in-law, whom he had selected as his nominee. This was a bitter affront, for long usage had accustomed Lord Marchmont to consider himself all-powerful in the management of political affairs in Berwickshire. From 1734 till his death in 1760, Alexander Hume Campbell had represented the county without a break; and since then his brother's nominee had been elected as a matter of course. Party feeling ran high, and Lord Marchmont never forgot or forgave his grandson's successful opposition to his choice, or the rejoicings with which the victorious party celebrated their triumph. A bonfire was lit at Greenlaw the night after the declaration of the poll, and beer and whisky flowed among the crowd. It was an unfortunate victory for Mr Scott. Young Lord Polwarth's death the following year left him in the ostensible position of heir to his grandfather; but Lord Marchmont refused ever to see him again, or to have anything to do with Lady Diana. It was said at the time that matters had been made much worse by Mr Scott of Harden having inadvertently misdirected a letter, which thus came into Lord Marchmont's hands, and which contained remarks of a personal nature which his son-in-law could never have intended him to see.

These different occurrences contributed to Lord Marchmont's withdrawal from Scotland. The latter years of his life were spent at Hemel Hempstead, where he had a house he was very fond of, and where he devoted himself greatly to his books. His favourite studies seem to have lain in legal and historical subjects, and the mass of papers that he left behind him proves the depth and thoroughness of his researches.

The sight of a man who has survived all the friends and companions of his youth must always be a melancholy spectacle, especially where no younger interests are growing up around him, in whose hopes and ambitions he may live the old days over again; and the circumstances of Lord Marchmont's entrance into political life made it certain that, by the time he should reach middle age, all his early associates would have passed away, and that he must find himself the last of that brilliant circle whose talents had illumined the first half of the eighteenth century. He was equally unfortunate in outliving his own family. His brother, Alexander, with whom he had been closely knit in ties of friendship as well as relationship, died in 1760, after making for himself a great reputation as a lawyer and as a skilful debater. He had been appointed Lord Clerk Register in 1756, and was thus the third in direct descent who had held this office. From 1734 till his death he sat contin-

uously in Parliament for his native county.[1] He married Miss Elizabeth Perris, but died in London, leaving no children. Of Lord Marchmont's two sisters, the younger, Lady Jane Nimmo, died childless in 1770. The elder, Lady Anne, resembled her brother both in person and in the vigour of her understanding. She had married

[1] A song was composed on one of his returns to Parliament, which till recently was still sung in Polwarth. It ran as follows :—

"Brave Polwarth on the Green,
Thy fame doth thee adorn ;
Thy blithe ancestors took delight
To dance around the Thorn.

And now Hume Campbell of renown,
One of that family,
Must south advance, plead against France,
And leave the Thorn-tree.

On the eighteenth day of July
Our Marshals did convene,
To choose a Parliamenter
They met on Greenlaw Green.

They shone like gold, fine to behold,
A pleasant sight to see :
It was confessed by all the rest
Hume Campbell bare the gree.

Sir Hume Campbell, President,
Sat like a bishop grave ;
What he did speak was mild and meek,
His judgment forth he gave.

The quickest wit that e'er did sit !
Admire his eloquence !
His learned words are sharp as swords,
And true refined sense.

His face was fair, fine to behold,
Most comely to be seen ;
And that fine spring made Greenlaw ring,
Brave Polwarth on the Green !

Sir William Purves, Bart. of Purves Hall — the head of an ancient Berwickshire family — and she died in 1784, aged eighty-six. To the last she preserved her powers of observation and her retentive memory; and the year before her death, by the desire of her only son, Sir Alexander Purves, a number of curious anecdotes concerning

There's nothing but rejoicing
Was heard in Greenlaw town;
Each person they were voicing
Hume Campbell of renown.

And with great joy and pleasure
That afternoon was spent,
Springs to the highest measure,
Healths swiftly round they went.

Old man and wife did dance for life,
The like was never seen!
And that fine spring made Greenlaw ring,
Brave Polwarth on the Green!

There were pipers and bagpipers,
The pipes did loudly blow,
Hume Campbell is a-coming
From his London Courts, Ho! ho!

That night Hume Campbell's party
Assembled round the Cross;
Strong liquor made them hearty,
They danced with all their force.

Syne fiddles they were jinking,
Which made a pleasant sound;
And glasses they were clinking,
His health went sweetly round.

Some's drouths were drowned made them sleep sound
All night until the morn;
They all did cry, 'Until we die
We'll dance around the Thorn!'"

the Marchmont family were written down from her dictation. They are printed at the close of this account from the original MS.

Lord Marchmont was thus left the last of his generation. All his children were dead but one, and she was more widely separated from him than if the grave had closed over her. His lonely life was cheered by Lady Marchmont's companionship, and by the affectionate attentions of one who showed him the devotion of a son, and who was credited by rumour with a close though unacknowledged relationship. This was Mr George Rose, afterwards a Secretary of State, who was left his sole executor, and to whom Lord Marchmont bequeathed his personalty, comprising his family papers, and the library at Hemel Hempstead. A selection from these papers was published in 1831 by Sir George Henry Rose, Mr Rose's son; and in his preface he thus alludes to Lord Marchmont's last years:—

"He was an accomplished and scientific horseman, and a theoretical and practical husbandman and gardener. He pursued his rides and his visits to the farm and garden as long as his strength would suffice for the exertion, and some hours of the forenoon and frequently of the evening were dedicated to his books. . . . His Dutch education had given him method, which was the best possible auxiliary in exertion to an ardent and powerful mind, such as his was. . . . His vigorous in-

tellects possessed their strength and acuteness undiminished by years; and the high and honourable feelings, which were so warmly eulogised by his distinguished friends in his youth, retained all their keenness to the last."

Such are the words of one who had every opportunity, through his father, of knowing about the closing scenes at Hemel Hempstead. Very near the end, when Lord Marchmont was over eighty, Lady Diana made a last attempt to obtain his forgiveness, and went up to London in the hope of persuading him to see her. It was all in vain. Her father sent her a message that it was useless, and that she might thank her son for that refusal.

Lord Marchmont died in January 1794. His wife survived him for three years, and also died at Hemel Hempstead (February 1797). She had been in bad health for some time previously, and suffered from a painful and disfiguring ailment. On opening the will, it was found, as had been expected, that Lady Diana Scott and her son were completely cut out of the inheritance. On the death of Lady Anne Paterson, Lord Marchmont had made a final settlement of his estates; and by this deed, executed November 5, 1790, he called to the succession, failing heirs male of his own body, 1st, the heirs male or female of the body of Lady Diana, his daughter, except those procreated between her and her then hus-

band; whom failing, any other daughters of his body, and the heirs male of their bodies. 2d, The heirs male of the body of Sir Alexander Purves, baronet, the son of his sister, Lady Anne. 3d, Charles Lord Sinclair, and Matthew St Clair his brother, grandsons of Elizabeth Hume, daughter of Lord Kimmerghame, and the heirs male of their bodies. 4th, Andrew, William, and John Wauchope, children of Helen Hume, also daughter of Lord Kimmerghame, and the heirs male of their bodies. 5th, Thomas, seventh Earl of Haddington, and his brothers, the grandchildren of Lady Grisell Hume, daughter of Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont, and the heirs male of their bodies; whom failing, a series of heirs in like manner descended from other daughters of Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont.

In virtue of this settlement, Sir William Purves, the grandson of Lord Marchmont's eldest sister, Lady Anne, eventually succeeded to his granduncle's immense landed property. The estates were placed in the hands of trustees till 1812, when the debt which burdened them having been paid off, Sir William entered into possession, and took up his residence at Marchmont. The place had been looked after for many years by two old servants, who ruled supreme over the underlings. Mrs Hannah Blackwell, the housekeeper, was a great char-

acter. She had been at Marchmont for over forty years. Sir William had her picture painted, and it still hangs in the housekeeper's room where she so long presided, and represents her as a clever, kindly-looking old woman, with a muslin cap and apron, and a blue silk kerchief pinned across in front. Everything out of doors was under the care of a man named Tom Shepherd, who, when Sir William arrived to take possession, received him at the top of the steps and began doing the honours, till quietly dismissed with the remark, "Tom, you have been master here long enough. Sir William is coming now, and will be master himself." He retired to Home, where Sir William gave him a house and a pension, and kept him in great comfort for the remainder of his life.

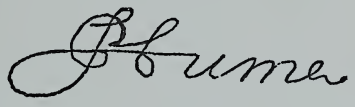
Except pictures and books, there are not many traces at Marchmont of its former possessors. The library is the happy hunting-ground of those who seek for links with the past. There stand the books in which the dead and buried Marchmonts have inscribed their names in ink that is now faded and brown. In their Bibles are noted the births and deaths of their children, and the little family details which meant so much to them, interspersed with comments on the Scriptures, and directions of how many pages to read a-day, so as to go through both Testaments in a given time, for both the first

Marchmont House,

Seat of 3rd Earl of Marchmont

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

and the second Earls were essentially "God-fearing men." Earl Patrick's signature is the most common; at first,



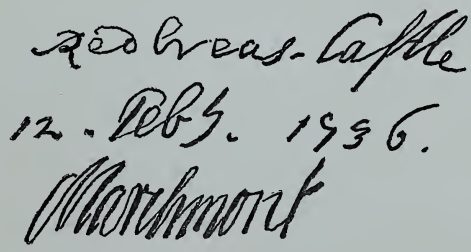
P. Hume, with the P. and H. ingeniously twisted into one letter, and almost invariably followed by the motto—

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.—H. D. A."

Sometimes more briefly written—

"Omne tulit punctum.—H. D. A.,"

the final letters being an abridgment of "Horace, De Arte Poetica." This device appears impartially on Bibles, law-books, grammars, histories, and shows a wide range of reading. His son Earl Alexander's "Marchmont"



is shaky and feeble compared to his father's, though he died a much younger man; but his latter years were racked with ill health. Earl Hugh's books are not here.

His fine library, which he collected with great care at Hemel Hempstead, passed with the rest of his personalty to Mr George Rose, his executor; and was eventually bought back by his grandson, Hugh, Lord Polwarth, and is now at Mertoun. Consequently there are fewer traces of the last Earl in the house that was his creation than of either of his predecessors. One or two books, with the clear graceful signature, "Elizabeth Marchmont," show that they belonged to his beautiful second wife; and in a glazed cabinet in the drawing-room is almost the only other thing that can now be identified as having been hers—a little tarnished tinsel wreath, doll-like in its smallness, to which is still attached a slip of paper inscribed in the same beautiful unmistakable handwriting: "I took this from the head of a little Jesus belonging to an image of ye Virgin Mary that is opposite to Charlemane's Chair in the Church at Aix la Chapel, Sep$^{t.}$ 1769.—E. M." Had she brought it home as a relic? or why was it so carefully treasured? There it lies beside the small wax baby with long satin robes—once white—and a real lace cap, which was little Lord Polwarth's doll, and which the mother must have kept in recollection of that precious only child. It has outlasted them both! A few seals, one or two pieces of plate,[1] and there the list of the relics ends.

[1] In former days the plate used at a coronation banquet was divided after-

Lady Diana lived to a great old age, and died in 1827, having long survived her husband. The latter part of her life was spent at Woodside, near Kelso.

"Lady Diana Scott," writes Sir Walter Scott in his journal, "widow of Walter Scott of Harden, was the last person whom I recollect so much older than myself, that she kept always at the same distance in point of years, so that she scarce seemed older to me (relatively) two years ago, when in her ninety-second year, than fifty years before. She was the daughter (alone remaining) of Pope's Earl of Marchmont, and, like her father, had an acute mind and an eager temper. She was always kind to me, remarkably so indeed when I was a boy."

In another passage, when describing his idea of his task-mistress Duty, he represents her "with a figure and countenance something like Lady D. S.'s twenty years ago." She exercised considerable influence over Sir Walter's literary tastes in youth.

"She had conversed," says Lockhart, "in early days with the bright ornaments of the cycle of Queen Anne, and preserved rich stores of anecdotes well calculated to gratify the curiosity and excite the ambition of a young enthusiast in literature. Lady Diana soon appreciated the minstrel of the clan, and surviving to a remarkable old age, she had the satisfaction of seeing him at the height of his eminence, the solitary person who could give the author of 'Marmion' personal reminiscences of Pope."

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wards among the peers. The pepper-casters which fell to Lord Marchmont's share at the coronation of George III. are still at Marchmont.

The barony of Polwarth, granted to Sir Patrick Hume in 1690, had been settled on the heirs male of the first Baron and *their heirs;* while the later creations of 1697, the earldom of Marchmont, &c., were restricted to heirs male altogether. Mr Hugh Scott accordingly presented a petition to the House of Lords in 1835, claiming the barony of 1690, which was granted to him. His grandson is now the sixth Baron Polwarth.

Cross at Deadrigs, near Eccles.

CHAPTER VII.

"The frost has nipt the heather-bloom,
The brackens hing their dowie leaves—
The hips are red upon the briar,
An' paitricks whirr amang the sheaves:
Nae mair the bees roam o'er the muir,
Or, laden wi' their sweets, return,
As I, tae sniff the cauler air,
Stray up the glen by Polart burn."

—CALDER.

HAVING brought the history of Polwarth and its owners down to the early days of this century, there remains but little to add. My grandfather's birth in 1812, and his succession to the property in 1833, are almost the only landmarks in a succession of peaceful prosperous years. Most of the scenes described in the earlier chapters of this book were laid to the south of the village, where Marchmont lies hidden among the woods; but there is a large part of the parish which ought not to be forgotten in any attempt to sketch its history—that is, the moorland tract, which, beginning at Kyles Hill, reaches nearly to Greenlaw.

Westwards, on leaving the village of Polwarth, the road mounts immediately up a long straight hill. On one side are the half-blown-down plantations of the Craw's Entry, where the blaeberries and the heather grow thick among the fir-trees, and the young birches are fast veiling the havoc wrought by the gale of 1881. Over the hill to the right stretch the mysterious recesses of the Back Lea, an immense fir-wood which even now, when decimated by the storms of many winters, covers a great extent of ground, and harbours many a stout moorland fox. Down this western road in the summer evenings come the sound of a horn, and the slow soft tread of many hoofs, as the Polwarth cows straggle leisurely into sight, returning from the moors, to which they are daily driven in charge of the village herd. As they reach the outskirts of the village, one by one the patient animals leave their fellows, and turn unbidden up the little lanes and paths that lead to their owners' cottages. From time immemorial the Polwarth people have pastured their cows on the moor—or Polwarth Common, as it is sometimes called—and close and fine is the grass that grows on the edge of the heather. Through the oak wood that clothes the sunny slopes of Kyles Hill the cows can wander out unchecked on to the open moor beyond. Away to the west is the Hule Moss, with its twin pools, to which in the autumn evenings the wild geese wing their way. High aloft against

the sunset sky they fly in single file from their feeding-grounds down on the low-lying stubbles, and through the still air comes floating down the clamour of their cry, like that of a pack of aerial hounds.

From Kyles Hill the wide expanse of Cheviot lies unfolded to the view, till the rugged outline of the Carter Fell melts into the far hills of Liddesdale. The Black Hill of Earlston and the twin peaks of Eildon (for from here the third summit is hidden) rise singly out of the western plain; while away to the north stretch the long brown ridges of moorland, running east and west, and rolling one behind the other till they dip at last into the fertile plains of East Lothian. For a few short weeks each year the flush of the heather dyes every hillside purple; but for the most part the monotony of these bare brown slopes is only broken by the snow-wreaths. Polwarth merely hangs, as it were, on the edge of the moorland. The faint green track wandering down the north side of Kyles Hill soon reaches the march that divides this parish from that of Longformacus. Close by flows a little shallow burn that ripples gaily over the pebbles, glancing in the sunlight, as if unconscious of the tragedy once enacted here, the shadow of which still rests on the Foul Fords, as this spot is called.

The beginning of the story takes us back to the early days of the century, when a blacksmith, named John

Neale, lived with his family in the secluded and romantic village of Longformacus. He was by that time a man of middle age, with sons approaching manhood. All through the country he was known for his dissolute habits and intemperate language. One day he went to Greenlaw, about eight miles off, to attend the funeral of a sister, fully intending to be home in the course of the afternoon. As time wore on and nothing was seen of him, his wife and family became somewhat alarmed, and they sat up all night to wait for him. In the early hours of the morning a heavy weight was heard to fall against the door of the house, and on opening it to see what was the matter, Neale was discovered lying in a fainting-fit on the threshold. He was put to bed and means used for his recovery; but when consciousness returned, he was raving mad, and talked of such terrible things that his family were horrified. He continued till next day in the same state, but at length his senses came back, and he desired that the minister might be sent for; and when he came, insisted on seeing him alone. After a long conversation with Mr Ord, Neale called his family round his bed, and required from his wife and children, in turn, a solemn promise that none of them would ever pass over that particular place on the moorland track between Longformacus and Greenlaw that was known as the Foul Fords. He assigned no reason for this demand,

and the required promise was freely given. After this he spoke no more, but died the same evening.

About ten years after his death, his son, Henry Neale, who had succeeded to his business of blacksmith and farrier, and who led as bad a life as his father had done, had occasion to go to Greenlaw. It was late in the afternoon before he was ready to return home. The last person who saw him, as he was leaving the little town, was John Mickie, the Spottiswoode shepherd. Neale tried to persuade the latter to accompany him home, which Mickie refused to do, as it would take him several miles out of his way. Neale begged him most earnestly to go with him, as he said he must pass the Foul Fords that night, and then used the strong expression that he would rather go through hell-fire than do what was before him. Mickie asked him why he said he must pass the Foul Fords, when by going a little to the east or to the west he might easily avoid the place altogether; but Neale persisted in his assertion, and the other left him at last, a good deal surprised at what he had said, for the circumstances of old Neale's death, and the promise he had exacted from his children, were well known throughout the country. Henry Neale was never seen alive again. Next morning a labouring man named Adam Redpath, who was on his way from Cattleshiels (the nearest farm) to his daily work, digging sheep-drains on the moor, found him lying stone-dead at

the Foul Fords. There was no mark of violence on his body. He appeared to have run for his life, for his hat, coat, and waistcoat were lying about a hundred yards' distance from him, on the Greenlaw side of the Fords. His death made a great stir in the neighbourhood, and Mr Ord, the minister of Longformacus, feeling that since the son's death his pledge of secrecy was removed, told what the father had related to him, which was as follows :—

Neale said he was returning from Greenlaw in the afternoon of the day of his sister's funeral, when, just as he reached the Foul Fords, his attention was suddenly roused by hearing the trampling of horses behind him. Looking round, he saw a large company of riders coming down the moorland track, two by two. As they approached, what was his horror to perceive that one of the two foremost was the sister whom he had that day seen laid in her grave. Among other riders he recognised many friends and relations long since dead. When the two last horses came up, he saw that one was ridden by a dark man, whose face he had never before seen. He was leading the other horse, which, though saddled and bridled, was riderless; and on this horse the whole company tried to compel him to mount. Neale struggled violently, he said, for some time, and at last only purchased his freedom by promising that the first of his family who should cross the Foul Fords should go instead of him. That doom he had

tried in vain to avert, and when the time came the soul of the son was claimed and taken in place of the father's.

Years have passed away since then, and nothing remains to tell of this ghastly struggle but a tall grey stone set up by my great-grandfather, Mr Spottiswoode, to mark the place. And at this lonely spot my history of Polwarth comes to an end. As it began with a verse of the oldest song with which the village is associated, it may fitly close with the lines written by a Polwarth man of to-day :—

"Hoo aft tae me she has recalled
The quiet sylvan scene
By Marchmont's bonnie woods and braes,
Or Polwarth-on-the-Green!
The auld kirkyard by Lounsdale's haughs,
The bonnie wimplin' burn,
The hills an' howes, the glens an' knowes,
Tae which her heart wad turn."

UT
CRESCAM
PROSIM
CONSTANTER
ET
PRUDENTER
The Right Hon^ble S^r Alex^r Campbell
of Cesnok one of the Senators of the
Colledge of Justice and one of the Lords of
Her Ma^ties most Hon^ble Privy Comsell & Exchequer
&c: 1707

ANECDOTES

OF

THE FAMILY OF MARCHMONT

The Right Hon^ble Alexander Lord Polwarth &c. Eldest Son of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, Lord Clerk Register of Scotland & Lord Lieutenant of Berwickshire His Majesties Ambassador Extraordinary & Plenepotentiary to the King of Denmark, Anno. 1721.

Lady Anne Purves, from a Miniature.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY OF MARCHMONT.

Dictated by Lady Anne Purves in the last Year of her Life. She was Eighty-six Years old when she died in the Year 1784.

Wrote in this Connected state by Sir Alexa^{r}· Purves's particular desire, who often heard them Narrated by his Mother.

THE Family Name was at first Polwarth, which was near being extinct as there remained two Sisters, one Heiress of Polwarth, the other of Polwarth Mains;[1] they were run away with and married by two Brothers of the

[1] A slight mistake. Margaret, the younger sister, was heiress of Polwarth; Marian, the elder sister, of Kimmerghame.

Humes of Wedderburn or Goukscroft, and on that account changed the Name of Polwarth into that of Hume. Their Descendant was created a Baronet in the Year 1626. There was a succession of them who all bore the Name of Patrick till the time of King James the First of England, when one of them married Julian Carre, Sister to the famous Earl of Somerset. He died whilst his Son Patrick was still a Minor; his Widow then married Thomas Earl of Haddington, who was commonly called Tom of the Cowgate. She had a Son by him who was also named Patrick. She wrote to her Brother, my Lord Somerset, then in great favour with King James, to obtain a Grant of the Abbey Lands of Coldstream for her Son Patrick Hume; but the Earl of Haddington opened the Letter, and inserted the name of Patrick Hamilton, by which means the Family of Haddington came into possession of the Lands of Coldstream. She, in revenge, threshed him heartily, and once tossed him over a Stair, where he would have paid very dear for his deceit, if the Butler had not by accident been in the way, and preserved him.

Patrick Hume, their Son, married Christian Hamilton, Daughter of the Laird of Innerwick. They had two Sons and two Daughters: Patrick, who afterwards became Earl of Marchmont; Alexander, who went to Russia, and died in the Service of the Czar of Muscovy; Julian, married Sir Richard Newton of that Ilk, a gentleman from East

Lothian; and Anne, who married Commissary Home. He[1] was so much struck with her Beauty, as to fast two Lents to gain her Affections. They had one Son, who was accidentally killed at Edinburgh, and two daughters, Helen and Christian; Helen married Captain Newton of Standhill, Christian died unmarried. Lady Newton was very ill treated by her Husband, and was obliged to fly from him, with her infant Son, to Patrick her Eldest Brother's house, who was exceedingly kind to both. She had no more children, but spoiled her Son so much by her Overfondness as made him also a Pest to Society. He was named Richard, and succeeded his Father in his Estates and Titles. He married Helen Livingston, but had no Children by her, and left the large Estate of Newton to Lord William Hay's Son, who was no Relation, but a near Neighbour. He shewed no gratitude in any shape to his Uncle's Family, but left the reversion of his Fortune to Alexander Hume Campbell, Lord Register of Scotland.

Alexander Hume, who went to Muscovy, was to have been married to a Russian Lady, of a great Family, but came to Scotland to get his Pedigree ascertained, and before his return the Lady died, which broke his Heart, and he died also. Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, was named after him.

Patrick, the next Heir of the Family, was left a Minor

[1] Sir Richard Newton.

under the Guardianship of Christian Hamilton, his Mother. His Father on his Death-bed gave Lady Polwarth a Penny, or Scotch Shilling, saying that would pay all the Debts he owed in the world; but she, swayed by an ambitious desire of Grandeur, paid the Debts of Lord Jedworth,[1] who was in Jail for Debt, married him, and bestowed the greatest part of her Son's Estate upon that worthless Fellow, who treated her very ill. Patrick, her Son, was a very roguish Boy, and used to play a thousand tricks to his Mother, who was a bigotted Episcopal. She frequently had the Scotch Bishops with her, who used to say Prayers in the Family. Mr Patrick commonly fell asleep, and seldom joined in singing Psalms. His Mother was very angry at him; he therefore contrived the next time the Bishop came to shut his Eyes, and sing on without stopping, whilst his Lordship was reading the Line. Some of the Bishops, of better humour than her Ladyship, used to pat his head and say he would support their Cause. Her Husband had as little relish for devotion as her Son; however, she prevailed on him some time to retire into her closet, but instead of reading or praying, he used to eat up her Sweetmeats, for which she told him that he was preeving, instead of being private. In short, he spent a great part of the Estate of Polwarth.

When Sir Patrick came of Age, his Friends proposed

[1] Robert, third Lord Jedburgh, *d.s.p.*, 4th August 1692.

calling his Mother to account, which he would by no means consent to. When he was about 18 Years old he married Mrs Grizel Carre, Daughter of Sir Thomas Carre of Cavers and of Grizel Halket, who was Daughter to Sir James Halket of Pitfirran. Grizel Halket died young, and left one Son and two Daughters. The Son was afterwards Sir Andrew Carre of Cavers; one of the Daughters married Mr Scott of Gala. Sir Thomas Carre married a second Wife, by whom he had several Daughters, one of whom was married to Mr Bell of Belford, who had only one Daughter, Mary, who married Mr Oliver of Smailholme; she had two Daughters—Mary, who married Mr Hepburn, and Isobel, who married Mr Home of Fogo. One of her Daughters or Granddaughters married Mr Hay of Bellshill, commonly called Sheriff Hay.

Sir Andrew Carre had only one Son, a healthful, promising Boy; and Mr Carre of West Nisbet, his near Relation, had a tender, sickly Boy. Sir Andrew Carre, in hope of his Son's inheriting the Estate of West Nisbet, made a reciprocal Entail that the longest Liver of the Boys should inherit both Estates, which was no sooner done than his Son fell into a violent Fever. His Tutor, a pious Divine, prayed most earnestly for his recovery, 'till he got a sign from Heaven, which stopt his Devotions, and he endeavoured to bring Sir Andrew and the rest of the Family to submit to the Will of Divine Providence.

His Pupil died when he was just 21 Years of Age. Sir Andrew afterwards married his eldest Daughter, Mrs Nance Carre, to Mr Carre of West Nisbet, who took the Title of Cavers. Mrs Nance Carre had three Sons and two Daughters. Her eldest Son, Robert, married a Miss Milne from Aberdeen. He was rather wild, had formerly kept a Mistress, whose Picture he always wore at his breast, which gave Mrs Carre great Anxiety; but was kept a Secret for a long time, 'till a natural Son (whose likeness to his Father discovered him) accidentally came into the House. Mrs Carre mourned the Circumstance 'till she brought a Consumption upon herself, of which she died. Mr Carre afterwards married Mrs Helen Riddel, Daughter to Sir Walter Riddell, by whom he had one Son, who died at Rome when abroad on his Travels. Her Daughter was married to John Hume, Esq., of Ninewells. The estate of Cavers fell next to Mr John Carre, second Son to Mrs Nance Carre, who had in his infancy got a large Legacy from Lord Jedburgh, and likewise from a Maiden Aunt of his Mother, a Mrs Christian Carre; but his Father charged so large a Sum for his Education and Maintenance as consumed the whole. He married a Miss Montieth, an heiress, and had by her several Sons. The Eldest married a Miss Reed without the Consent of his parents, who never would be reconciled to him, altho' he broke the Entail which Sir Andrew Carre had made of the Estate of Cavers in order to relieve his

Father, who was in bad circumstances by his own Extravagance. The Third Son of Mrs Nance Carre was a Captain in the Army. Her Eldest Daughter, Mrs Jane Carre, married Mr Drummond of Blair; Margaret, her Second Daughter, married Sir Alexander Don of Newton. Sir Andrew Carre's Second Daughter Jane married Lord Minto. His third Daughter married Mr Drummond of Megginch, who was Mother to the present Duchess of Athol. His fourth Daughter married Dr St Clair of Hermiston. Another of his Daughters was Mother to Col. Stewart, who was killed by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs for a satirical Jest when they were both drunk. Col. Stewart's Daughter Elizabeth married Hugh Scott of Gala, Son to Sir James Scott of Gala. His Sister Anne married Mr Scott of Raeburn, by whom she had one Son and one Daughter; she afterwards married Harry M'Dougal of Mackerston, and had one Daughter by him, who married Sir George Hay M'Dougal. Upon Harry M'Dougal's Death, she married for the third time, Mr James Home of Eccles. Her Mother, Lady Gala, was very kind to Lady Marchmont's (her Sister's) Children during their distress, and kept the two youngest Sons, Alexander and Andrew, in her House for several Years.

Sir Patrick Hume, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, soon after his Marriage was chosen one of the Members to the Scotch Parliament for the County of Berwick, was en-

gaged in many disputes with the Lords, of Articles relative to the Liberty of his Country. As they never could prevail with him to vote agreeable to their wish, he was a long time confined in the severe Prison of the Bass, a perpendicular Rock in the River Forth, along with Sir Hugh and Sir George Campbell of Cessnock. Sir Hugh Campbell was put there by means of a false witness, who swore that he encouraged the People of the Shire of Ayr to go to the Fight of Bothwell Bridge; but when questioned afterwards by Sir Hugh, he confessed he never had seen his Face till that moment, and required that his Oath should be tore, as was then the Law. But those unjust Judges would not consent, but confined Sir Hugh and his Son for many Months in that most severe Jail. Mr Carstairs, the noted Friend of King William, made use of every endeavour to cause Sir Patrick Hume and Sir Hugh Campbell to join the Privileges of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Liberties together; but they found enough of difficulty to defend one Cause without involving themselves with the other. In consequence their Estates were forfeited, and Lady Polwarth and Lady Cessnock had their Jointures granted to them, as if their Lords had been dead.

Under this oppression Sir Patrick Hume concealed himself and lived a twelvemonth[1] in his own Burial Place, in

[1] Lady Murray, in her 'Memoirs of Lady Grizel Baillie,' says Sir Patrick was concealed there for a month only, which appears more probable.

a Vault which extends the whole way under the Church of Polwarth. His Wife and Grizel, his Eldest Daughter, carried his Victuals and other Necessaries from his House at Redbraes to the mournful place of Concealment, where he durst not light a Candle, or have the Comfort of a Fire, and his only Amusement was walking about the Aisle, and to repeat a Latin Version of the book of Psalms, wrote by Buchanan, and which he had got by Heart at School. One Day he thought he observed a Death's head or Skull which lay on the Window to move itself. Wondering at the Power of Imagination, he went near it and took it up, when a Mouse jumped out of it, which had occasioned the motion. He often heard the Country people, when they came to Church of a Sunday, enquiring anxiously after good Sir Patrick, and fervently wishing every blessing on his head wherever he went. In this Situation he wished to send a Message to Mr Baillie of Jerviswood, who was confined in Prison in Edinburgh for the same Cause. He instructed his Daughter Grizel to dress herself in a Countrywoman's Dress, and go into Edinburgh under that appearance with the Common Carrier, in order that she, without suspicion, might get into the prison and deliver his Message to Mr Baillie; which she accordingly did, and returned to the Country under the same appearance, and by the same Conveyance. After a considerable time the Soldiers and Troops, who had been in search of him

everywhere without Success, became remiss and gave up their Search for him; he came out of his Burial Place, and got a small retirement dug under Ground, under one of the Rooms of his own House, that he might conceal himself more commodiously in case of another alarm. After living retired for some time in his own house, he said to his Wife, It was necessary that he should look at his hiding Place, which he found half full of Water, and this he looked upon as a Warning. He likewise just then received a Letter, with only a feather inclosed, from Mr Hume of Halyburton, who was a good man, altho' his principles of Government differed from Sir Patrick's. He had delayed a Party of Soldiers, that were sent to seize Sir Patrick, 'till he sent him this Intelligence in so extraordinary a way.

Sir Patrick immediately quitted his House, and sent his trusty Servant, James Allen, to procure a Boat to cross the Tweed by Coldstream; and he rode slowly on himself, meditating on the distrest state of his unhappy Country. Altho' perfectly well acquainted with the Road, he missed of it, and never observed his mistake 'till he came to the Hirsel Law, or Lennel Hill, where he saw his Servant, James Allen, crossing the River in a Boat along with a Party of Soldiers, who were sent in pursuit of him; so that he looked upon his mistaking the road as an especial Act of Providence. The Soldiers had searched his house,

looked most narrowly into his new hiding Place, which he found full of Water, and run their Swords through the whole Feather Beds of the house, that they might discover him. After some time his Servant returned, and told him how much he was afraid least he shou'd come up as the Party of Soldiers were enquiring minutely after him of every one they met. Sir Patrick during his whole Life repeated his extreme thankfulness to Divine providence for so many remarkable interpositions in his favour. He at last got on board a Ship, and went to Ireland under the name of Tom Middlemost and sometimes of Dr King.[1] One of the Sailors fell from the Mast and broke his Leg when he went under the last appellation. The Captain brought the poor fellow to Dr King to get his Leg set; this gave him great Distress, as he durst not acknowledge his Ignorance nor attempt to set the Man's leg. After mature deliberation and fervent prayer to the Almighty for Assistance, he thought it no Arrogance to attempt to do what no other could attempt in their present situation. He did his best for the Leg, and cured it. The Seaman afterwards came to the Command of a Ship, and had a Suit before the Chancellor of Scotland: when he looked at the Chancellor he knew Dr King, and would not believe the people about him, that it was the Chancellor. Lord

[1] My grandfather tells me he always understood that Sir Patrick went by the name of Dr Wallace.

Marchmont immediately knew the Seaman, and sent for him, enquired of him if ever he had seen a Person that resembled him. The Man was abashed, but said he thought he resembled one Dr King. "You are right enough, honest Man," said my Lord, "and I hope to doctor your Cause better than I could do your Leg."

Sir Patrick passed over Ireland as a Scotch Pedlar, and came to Castle Hume, which Family were his near relations.[1] An old Widow Lady sent for the Pedlar to enquire of him about her relation, Sir Patrick Hume; and on her describing her real concern for his Situation, he made her a present of several pounds of Scotch Snuff. Sir Patrick at last got over to France, and passed through all the Provinces, along with his faithful Servant, James Allen, as Common Beggars. He came to Paris, and sat on a Bench used by the Beggars; when they, seeing him a Stranger, shunn'd and maltreated him, James Allen said, "We are come to a fine pass indeed when the very Beggars shun us." Sir Patrick went into a Bookseller's shop much against the Inclination of his trusty Friend, who said, "You have only one half Crown left, and you'll be tempted to Purchase a Book; so have nothing left to pay for your dinner and Lodging." He meekly answered,

[1] The Humes of Hume Castle in Co. Fermanagh, Ireland, descend from Sir John Hume of North Berwick, fourth son of Patrick, fifth Baron of Polwarth, and became extinct in the male line by the death of Sir Gustavus Hume, 1731.

"God will provide;" went into the Shop and laid out his half Crown for a Book. On his return to his mean Lodging the people of the House told him that a Banker enquired after him under his feigned Name, and who promised to return in a short time. When he came he enquired if Sir Patrick went by such a Name; he told him he was ordered by a Banker in Dublin of the name of Campbell to pay him £200. Sir Patrick asked him if he was sure to whom the money was to be paid, as he did not expect any, but that was the name he went by; and upon the Banker's insisting upon it, he gave a Receipt for the Money, which he repay'd afterwards when he was Commissioner to the Scotch Parliament.

Sir Patrick walked thro' a number of the Provinces of France on foot. One of the Rivers on his way was overflown, and there was no Boat. A Soldier offered to carry him over on his Back; but as Sir Patrick was like to fall, the Soldier gave a hitch which broke a rib of the side upon the hilt of his sword. This gave him great pain, and he did not get the better of it for years. Sir Patrick with difficulty got into Holland, and settled at the Hague, sent for Lady Polwarth and his Eighteen Children. He kept no Servant, but taught his own Children. Patrick, the eldest, entered as a Cadet into the Scotch Dutch, along with Mr Baillie of Jerviswood, both of whom stood as Common Sentries, and did the duty of private men.

Robert died young. Alex$^{r.}$ and Andrew lived to be men; Grizel, Christian, Julian, Anne, and Jane lived to be women; the rest all Died young. Grizel and Christian acted as Cook and Housemaid; Alex$^{r.}$ and Andrew as Butler and footboy. Andrew, who had a great deal of Humour, came one day from the Cellar with the Spiggot in his mouth, which made Lady Polwarth angry, as the Beer was all running over the Cellar.

The Earl of Argyle was then at the Hague in the same situation. The Duke of Monmouth wanted much that his Lordship and Sir Patrick should join his Party; but Lord Argyle persuaded the Scotch Gentlemen that it would be more Eligible to make an attempt in the Highlands of Scotland to try to divide the King's Troops. They consented, but were averse to Land in the Highlands, as the Gentlemen from the County of Ayr thought with Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane of Waterside that it was more advisable to Land in a Country they were acquainted with, than amongst People whose Language they were unacquainted with. Lord Argyle persisted in his purpose, and Landed them near Inveraray, where they were of no use; they therefore separated, and the Lowland Gentlemen going homewards were attacked by a large party of the King's Troops at a place called Muirdyke. The Gentlemen drew their small party within a Sheepfold, where they defended themselves a whole day, and made

their escape during the Night. There is a Letter still existing that Sir Patrick wrote to his wife the day after the Battle, wherein he says that they were few men in Comparison of their Enemies; but that was he to pick and Choose men at his life's Venture, he could not have Rejected one of them—that the soundest Sleep he ever got in his Life was upon the Corpse of his Dearest friend, as a Pillow after the Action. One of the Gentlemen was taken, and led Immediately to Execution; some of the Rabble said, "What, Sir, are you defeated?" He answered with spirit, "Yes—defeated, but not Ashamed." Sir Patrick, with half a dozen friends, got into the Highlands, where they suffered much from Hunger, Thirst, and Fatigue. Sir Patrick was so worn out that he laid himself down in a Glen; the others climbed up the Rock to a Shieling, where they got some Milk. They carried some to Sir Patrick, but it was so full of hairs, he could not drink it. At last they met with a Charitable old Lady who concealed them in an old Castle, and carried Victuals to them during the Night. Once she fell into some water, so that they were obliged to put her into their own Bed, whilst they dry[d] her clothes, which were much wet.

Sir Patrick at last escaped to Holland, where he continued to teach his own Children; the whole scheme of the Revolution was found long afterwards wrote upon one of their Children's Slates. At last Sir Patrick came over

with King William, and assisted him much with his wise Councils. Lady Polwarth and Lady Stair (Commonly called Witch Meggy),[1] and several other Scotch Ladies, hired a vessel to come along with the Princess of Orange; but Lady Stair changed her mind, and wanted to persuade Lady Polwarth to stay at the Hague with her, which, when she could not do, she cryed, "Go your ways, but I will be in England before you!" They met with very bad weather on their Passage, which detained them; and the first person that Lady Polwarth met, on landing in England, was Lady Stair, who said, "Well! did I not tell you I should be here before you."

When the Affairs of Government took a settled aspect under King William, Sir Patrick Hume was created Earl of Marchmont, Viscount Blasonbury, Lord Polwarth, Redbraes, and Greenlaw, and was appointed Commissioner to the Scotch Parliament. Lady Polwarth got a large Diamond Ring from the King, a Green Emerald from the Queen, with a handsome flower'd Velvet Bed.

There was a great debate in the Cabinet Council about settling the Religious principles in Scotland; most of the Bishops were for continuing the Church Government, agreeable to the form of the Church of England. As Lord

[1] Margaret, daughter of James Ross of Balneil, and wife of James, first Viscount Stair. (Douglas's Peerage.)

"A rank witch. She went by the name of Maggy Hendy."—MS. Notes by C. K. Sharpe.

Marchmont was Commissioner to the Scotch Parliament he wrote several very Serious Letters to the King, assuring him that the Presbyterian Government had been so long established, especially in the Southern and Western Countys, that attempting to change their sentiments upon religion had been very fatal to the four Kings immediately preceeding him, and neither he nor any one could answer for the Consequences if an Attempt was made to establish Episcopacy. Mr Carstairs went to London on purpose to speak to the King at the hazard of his own Life, confirming what Lord Marchmont had wrote. The Presbyterian form of Government was Established in its present form through Scotland, and an allowance was granted to such of the Episcopal Clergy who took the Oaths to continue in their Kirks without being obliged to subscribe to the Confession of Faith—provided they declared it was not done in Opposition to Government, but agreeable to their own Consciences. A General Assembly was called, at which Lord Marchmont presided as King's Commissioner. Mr Hollywell,[1] Episcopal Minister of Polwarth, continued in his Kirk on taking the Oaths. Mr John Hume of Greenlaw would not take the Oaths, so lost his Stipend, but permitted all the exercises of his function to

[1] George Holiwell, M.A., minister of Polwarth from 1664 to 1704. From the inscription on his tombstone, let into the wall of Polwarth Church, he appears to have been tutor to Earl Patrick. His portrait is at Marchmont.

such of his hearers as chose to join with him at Herdrigg, and afterwards at Deadriggs; and was much respected by all the Gentlemen of the County till the year 1740, fifty years after his dismissal from his regular charge.[1] When Mr Harry Hume came to be settled at Channell Church, none of the Clergy would moderate the call. Lord Marchmont as King's Commissioner went into the Pulpit, said a short prayer, and moderated the call. Mr Hume was always called afterwards the Earl of Marchmont's Minister.

It was observed by all his Lordship's Acquaintances that he and his wife were more Affable and obliging to their former friends than what they were before.[2] This was particularly taken notice of by Lady Wedderburn, daughter to Sir Patrick Home of Manderston, with whom they were very Intimate; she often spoke of dining with them on a plain Leg of Mutton at their round pond, which they caused to be dug at Redbraes during the famine that was

[1] Mr John Home was presented to the Church of Greenlaw in 1674 by Sir Patrick Hume. In Sept. 1689 he was dismissed by the Privy Council for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, and not praying for their Majesties William and Mary, nor observing the thanksgiving. He was succeeded at Greenlaw by Mr Archibald Borthwick, chaplain of Lord Polwarth's regiment of Dragoons, who was translated to Polwarth 1709.

[2] "I have heard my mother and many others say," writes Lady Murray in her Memoirs, "that the great sweetness, composure, and evenness of temper my grandmother showed in all her afflictions, as well as in her high prosperity, was most singular: that from the highest to the lowest of her acquaintance, none ever found a difference from the great difference of her situation."

in Scotland about the year 1698. At that time oat meal sold at 8s. a peck, and they caused a Large Cauldron to be filled with porridge and carried out in washing Tubs to the work people. It is still an observation in the Country that when Meal is high priced, the family of Marchmont always contrives some work which may give Bread to the poor.

Mr Baillie of Jerviswood got his Estate restored at the Revolution. He married Lady Grizel Hume, but Mr Carre of Cavers and of West Nisbet (a Widower) had paid his addresses to her, and was much Encouraged by his Uncle and Aunt. However, Lady Grizel preferred Mr Baillie, but kept her own secret, till by Accident her father found a Letter which she had dropt. He said to her, "Jo" (his usual appellation), "when did you hear from Cavers?" She told him, and then he slyly added, "When did you hear from Jerviswood?" She was so much out of Countenance that she prevailed on him to give his Consent to Mr Baillie, who had a very small fortune, but enjoyed many Offices under Government, and by her Attentive Management left an immense Fortune to his eldest Daughter Grizel, Lady Murray, and afterwards to Rachel, Lady Binning. To prevent Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope to get possession by the *Jus-Maritis*, he left his whole fortune to his wife Lady Grizel, who was usually stiled the

richest Heiress in the Merse. They had one Son who died young, that was named Robert after Mr Baillie's father, who suffered for the Ryehouse Plot at the same time with Lord Russel and the Earl of Essex. The night before he suffered he made his will; his friends observed that it was all forfeit. He answered, "Hut, Hut! these folks drive too fast. I die in the faith that my posterity will Enjoy my fortune. They are going to jugg my Body to pieces, and send my Quarters through the Land, yet for all that I will rise a Glorified Saint at the Resurrection." His Sister attended the Execution, gathered together into her Apron any part of his Body that was scattered about; and when they stuck his heart upon a Spear and proclaimed it the heart of a Traitor, she pull'd it from the Spear and said, he was no traitor, but that he was gone where King's Flesh would be Venison. Mr Baillie likewise attended his father to the Scaffold, which gave him a Surliness in his Look, altho' he possess[d] the most Humane heart. Mr Dundas of Castle Carry married one of his Sisters. They were not in good Circumstances. Mr Baillie kept his Nieces, bred one a Mantua-maker, and kept Rachel after Mr Mowbray her Husband's Death, and treated her as kindly as if she had been his own Daughter.

Lady Marchmont was of a most attentive disposition,

lookt narrowly into all the Country affairs, but had a most Compassionate disposition. One day when her family was all around her she burst out Crying. My Lord immediately said, "Fill a Glass of Wine to my wife, she is a Cup too low." She owned she was thinking of her good friend Ladykins, who had been dead many years. This Ladykins was mother to Mr Johnstone of Hilton, and Widow of Mr Johnstone who had been so basely murdered at the Hirsel. There had a long friendship subsisted between Mr William Home, Brother to Charles Earl of Home (who married Anne Purves, Eldest and favourite Daughter to Sir Wm. Purves of Purves, the King's Solicitor). Mr Johnstone and Mr W^m^ Home call^d^ one another "Billies" (or Brothers), and were inseparable Companions. A Dispute arose betwixt them at Cards one night at the Hirsel, which would have pass^d^ off, if it had not been for an old Maiden (Lady Anne Home), who alleged to her Brother that Mr Johnstone had given him the Lie, and roused his passion to such a Degree, that in a frenzy he ran into Mr Johnstone's Room and stabb^d^ him behind his back; while he, turning his head, said, "Billie, will you murder your friend!" Mr William Home afterwards died in Exile in great want. Lady Anne was drove from the Hirsel, and was glad to live in Depend-

ance with her Niece, Lady Jane—then Lady Polwarth, who lived at Redbraes Castle.[1]

Lord and Lady Marchmont passed their Summer months at Redbraes, and with the greatest Decency and Piety, he placed over the Chimney piece of his Dining Room these Verses :—

This place is set apart
To Worship God with all the Heart.
Lord, let this House Established be
So long's the Owners worship thee.

[1] The Rev. Daniel Douglas, minister of Hilton from 1650 till 1662, and again from 1690 to 1705 ("a man so strong in word and belief that he was said to sow *chaff* not doubting that *wheat* would grow"), expressed in preaching some sentiment which gave offence to Johnstone of Hilton as an adherent of the Government, whereupon the Laird drew his sword, marched up to the pulpit, and dragged the clergyman down. Douglas was slightly wounded, and gave vent to his indignation in an adaptation of Elijah's prophecy against Ahab, "In the place where thou hast done this, shall dogs lick thy blood." Some years afterwards—on the 26th December 1683—Johnstone was "proditoriously murdered" by Mr William Home, brother to the Earl of Home, at the Castle of Hirsell in the Merse. Law (Memorialls, p. 259) says that "the Earl himself being from home, the Lairds of Hilton and Ninewells came to make a visit to the Earl of Home his house, and went to dice and cards with Mr William Home, the Earl's Brother. Some sharp words fell amongst them at their game, which were not noticed as it seemed to them; yet when the Gentlemen were gone to their chambers, the foresaid Mr William comes up with his sword and stabs Hilton with nine deadly wounds in his bed, that he dies immediately; and wounds Ninewells mortally, so that it was thought he could not live, and immediately took horse and fled into England." The prophecy of Douglas is said to have been fulfilled in this way. The remains of Johnstone were put into a temporary coffin to be conveyed to Hutton Hall for interment; and on the way the *cortége*, being overtaken by a snow-storm, took refuge in the Church of Hilton, where they were shortly surprised by seeing blood flow from the coffin, which was lapped up by the dogs which accompanied them.

My Lord regularly said prayers in his own family, altho' Polwarth Church was more properly allotted to that purpose than as a parish Church, as the whole parish was in my Lord's possession, and this he did exactly every Night at Seven O'Clock. When he sent his Sons Alex$^{r.}$ and Andrew abroad, he said, "Lads, there is a great Deal of folly and Debauchery in the World, but do not forget to pay your Addresses to the Being who placed you here, nor to follow the Example I have set you." Alex$^{r.,}$ who was bred to the Law, declared afterwards to his family that this single Sentence had more effect than all the Books of Morality in the World.

Andrew was not of such a serious disposition, and had an infinite deal of Wit; he likewise studied Law. They run a great risk of being carried abroad to some Convent, as many other Young Gentlemen were carried off, and bred Roman Catholics by orders of the Duke of York. Their friends desired them to conceal themselves, but were found next day riding behind the Duke of Perth's Coach, who was employed in this cruel Business, and actually carried away Mr Pringle of Gray Cross to St Thomas, who was educated a Roman Catholick, and who afterwards brought up his Son in the same Persuasion, and sent his Daughter to a Nunnery. The Son was bred a Physician, and lived with repute at Morpeth till the year 1745. Whether he had any hand in the Rebellion at

that period is not known, but he found it necessary to conceal himself even from his Relations and friends, particularly Sir W^m^. Purves, who he had recovered from a Threatened Dropsy about Two Years before that time, and who regretted his being deprived of his friend and Physician.

Patrick Lord Polwarth was promoted in the Army, served in Flanders during the Wars which King William and his Allies waged against France and Spain. His Second Brother was a Captain in the Army. He died of a fever at Culloden. Lord Marchmont's Third Son Alex^r^. studied Law in Holland[1] under the famous Professor Heineccius. When he came back to Edinburgh, he was unacquainted with almost everybody, Excepting a Mr Cleyland and a Mrs Christian Dundas.[2] He accidentally saw Miss Margaret Campbell at Church, was much pleased with her, and inquired of his friend, Mr Cleyland, who she was; who said, "Faith! Sandy, you are a good marksman. She is the best fortune in Scotland. My mother can be of use to you. She is a great crone of her mother, Lady Cessnock, and the Gray mare is the better horse in that family! She is a Queer Wife, and hates to have anybody taken notice of in the House but herself." After some further enquirys Mr Hume went and paid a

[1] At the University of Utrecht.

[2] Christian, daughter of William Dundas of Kincavel, afterwards second wife of James, first Earl of Bute.

Visit to the old Lady, praised her wonderful Management to the Skies, said their families had been Sufferers in their Country's Cause,[1] and it was a pity they were not better acquainted. As for himself, he admired her Ladyship so much, it was not possible for him to Refrain from paying her this Visit. The old Lady was charm'd with his address and attention, and as she was remarkably clever, his praises were not thrown away. Few Women had a more acute Understanding, but her Temper was not good. She was Capricious, and if she was once disobliged no Consideration would ever prevail with her to pardon. Her Husband, Sir George Campbell, was Lord Justice-Clerk, a good-natured man, but not so clever as his wife. She had married him rather to please her Relations than from Affection. Her Mother, Anne Maxwell, was Niece to the Marchioness of Hamilton, who had educated her after her Mother Lady Evandale's death. These Two Sisters had very different fates. Lord Evandale was a very fond Lover, but a Cruel Husband ; the Marquis of Hamilton a very Cool Lover, but the Kindest Husband.[2] After Lord

[1] Sir Patrick Hume had been confined in the prison of the Bass in 1675, at the same time as Sir Hugh Campbell of Cessnock and his son Sir George, afterwards the Lord Justice-Clerk.

[2] They were both daughters of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn. Lady Margaret Cunninghame married, first, Sir James Hamilton of Evandale ; and, secondly, Sir James Maxwell of Calderwood. Lady Anne Cunninghame married James, second Marquis of Hamilton, and was mother of James, first Duke of Hamilton.

Evandale's death, she married Sir William Maxwell of Calderwood, and had by him Anne Maxwell, who married Sir James M'Murran of New Hall.[1] Anne M'Murran was their eldest Daughter, and Heiress to their estate. She had one Sister, Janet, who married Mr Nisbet of Northfield.

Lady Cessnock had an antipathy at the name of Campbell, and by her power with her Husband prevented him from giving his Daughter Margaret in marriage to the Earl of Loudon, who had been fond of her from her Infancy. Their eldest Daughter Mary had disobliged her parents by a run-a-way marriage with Sir W^m^ Gordon of Earlstone, a Soldier of fortune, who got himself introduced to the family under the pretence of teaching the young Ladies French. Anne M'Murran's disposition was frugal, but she loved show and Magnificence; wished that her Daughters should learn every Accomplishment, but was loathe to pay for proper Masters to instruct them; would give any price for showy silks to deck them out with, but grudged to give them proper Linens, or other Necessaries; kept them at a great distance, and would not allow them to sit down in her presence, but did not keep up that Dignity which creates respect. She used to listen at their Door, and got a Slipper thrown at her head, which was said to be intended for the Cat. This Lady

[1] Anne Maxwell, Lady M'Murran, married, secondly, Major Robert Mure of Rowallan.

was so pleased with Mr Hume's long Visit, that she condescended to inform her Daughters, Margaret and Christian, that the Chancellor's son had been to wait upon her, and that he never asked after any of them. Her Daughter, Margaret, had very artfully got free of a troublesome Admirer, Lord Mungo Murray, brother to the Duke of Athole, and a Relation of her Mother's. When Lord Mungo came to pay his addresses to her, she put on a look of Contempt, and sat in sullen silence. Her Mother was very angry. The next time he came Mrs Margaret chattered so fast, it was not in his power to get in a single sylable. He then sent his Brother, Lord Nairn,[1] to speak for him, who was much surpriz[d] that his Brother should complain of such a sensible and discreet a young Lady; but Mrs Margaret knew very well that his Lordship could make no addresses for himself, as he was married. Lord Mungo, when he found he could not prevail, went abroad and died.[2]

Mr Hume took care to be well acquainted with Miss Campbell before he made his addresses, and that by the means of Mrs Dundas, who was a great friend of hers.

[1] Lord William Murray, fourth son of the first Marquis of Athole, became second Baron Nairn, in right of his wife, Margaret Baroness Nairn. He was taken prisoner at Preston in 1715, tried and condemned to death, but obtained his liberty upon the General Act of Indemnity in 1717. He died in 1725.

[2] Lord Mungo Murray, sixth son of the first Marquis of Athole, died unmarried in the expedition to Darien in 1697.

She acquainted Miss Campbell that Mr Hume was a lover of hers; and as their friend's Admirer, the Miss Campbells and he became very intimate, especially Miss Christian, who was of an easy and frank disposition. She soon suspected Mr Hume had other views than for Mrs Dundas, which he Confirmed to her in a Whisper at "Questions and Commands." He begged of her that she would prevail on her Sister to take a Walk in Hope's Park next morning. Without letting her Sister know what he proposed, she said, "Dear Lad, Megg always chooses her walks, but I will try what can be done." Accordingly, they came into the park, and walked a great way, when they saw a Gentleman sitting reading in his Book. This Gentleman immediately joined them, when they had not an Opportunity of getting out of his way. Miss Margaret was very angry, and said she wondered at Mr Hume's Insolence in pretending to make a Dupe of her, as she was thoroughly convinced of his Affection for Mrs Dundas. He only beg$^{d.}$ one favour of her which she might easily grant, that she would the first time she was at Mrs Dundas's conceal herself on hearing other Company coming in. Miss Christian prevailed on her Sister to grant his request. She went in her Morning-dress to Mrs Dundas's, and upon a knock coming to the Door, Miss Christian and she pretended they could not be seen in that dress, and must either get out some back way,

or conceal themselves. The fashions of the Houses at Edinbro' was so small at that time that there was turned-up Beds with Curtains drawn round them in most of the best Rooms of the House. The young Ladies got behind these Curtains; Mr Hume, seeing their Cloggs at the Door, was sure they were near, began a discourse to Mrs Dundas upon the malice of small Towns; that a young Gentleman could scarcely visit an Unmarried Lady without people's making an Improper Application; that for his part he had a particular regard for Mrs Dundas, but had not the Impudence of thinking of making any proposals to her, which never had entered his thoughts; and wondered how people should Imagine he should affront her so much as to make love to her. Mrs Dundas had said so much of her Lover to the Miss Campbells that she was quite covered with Confusion. To relieve herself she ran and withdrew the Curtains, saying, "Help me, Ladies, to laugh at a Gentleman who has so little Gallantry!" Mr Hume gained his aim, and convinced Miss Campbell that he never had spoke on that subject to Mrs Dundas, who afterwards married the Earl of Bute.

Soon afterwards a ball was given at the Chancellor's. Lady Anne,[1] his fourth Sister, wished to serve him, went one morning and without Introduction invites the Miss Campbells to the ball. They excused themselves as being

[1] Lady Anne Hume, afterwards married to Sir James Hall of Dunglass.

unacquainted with the family, and their Mother did not choose to allow them much liberty. "Only, Ladies," says she, "show me your Mother's Room," and in she bolted upon Lady Cessnock, and invited her Ladyship and Daughters to the Chancellor's Ball. Lady Cessnock said she did her Daughters great Honour, that she never went to Balls herself, but would certainly send her Daughters. Miss Margaret began to suspect, and in order to frustrate Mr Hume's views, she engaged herself to dance with Mr W^m^. Hall, under promise that he would not yield his pretensions, even altho' the Chancellor himself was to ask it. Mr Hall was so proud of this, that he would not listen to Mr Hume, who was his particular friend, and which friendship continued upon the Thickest footing during their whole lifetime.

The Ball brought an Intimacy between the families of Marchmont and Cessnock. That of Marchmont was then very numerous. Lord Polwarth had come from Flanders to pass the winter; Mr Baillie was Member for the County of Berwick to the Scotch Parliament; Mr Hume was knighted by the Duke of Queensberry.[1] Sir James Hall of Dunglass was at that time courting Lady Julian; Mr Hepburn of Humbie, Lady Anne; Sir John Home of Manderston, Lady Jane, who was then very young, and

[1] James, second Duke of Queensberry, at this time (1696) Lord High Treasurer of Scotland and Lord Privy Seal.

would have been spoilt by her Mother, as she was her Darling, if Lord Polwarth had not kept her in order. One Day he was walking behind her and her Companion, Julian Craw, without their perceiving it. Julian Craw said, "Lady Jane, when are you to be married?" "Troth, I cannot say," reply[d] she. They then saw Lord Polwarth, and Lady Jane cry[d] to her Companion, "Pray keep your distance!" Lord Polwarth plagued her much with this before her father, who was much diverted at it; but her Mother thought her favorite had the worst of it.

Sir Gustavus Hume of Castle Hume and his two Sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, were left young by their parents. At this time the two Ladies were Educated in the highest Style at Dublin by the Archbishop of Armagh. Lord Marchmont invited the Ladies, his Relations, to live with his family in Edinbro'. Lord Polwarth fell in love with the eldest, a most amiable Woman. Mary was tall and had a fine figure, but was not so Handsome as Elizabeth; she, too, had a Lover, Mr Robert Johnstone of Hilton, a great Nimrod, and who had an infinite fund of Humour. Lord Marchmont's other son, Andrew, was knighted by his father as Commissioner, and Mr Swinton of Swinton was joined with him. Sir Andrew made his addresses to Mr Johnstone's Sister Kitty, the widow Lady Mangerton. Lord Marchmont was pleased with Lord Polwarth's choice.

Miss Hume had only One Thousand Pounds fortune; they were proclaimed in Church, and Settlements were made, when a sudden call carried Lord Polwarth to Flanders. Meantime Anne M'Murran[1] convinced her Husband that if Margaret married Lord Loudon, his name and Estate would be sunk in the family of Loudon. Margaret was a Great favorite with her father, who had disinherited his Eldest Daughter, Lady Gordon, and settled it on Margaret, who made it her Constant Study to please him. She became the best Confectioner and Pastrycook, by making patiscery for him which he liked. She made a pie for him one day which was observed had no Pepper; she answered smartly, "My Father eats no Pepper." He said, "Megg, continue to please your Father, and I'll make your Sisters to wipe your Shoes for you." He thought that Sir Alex^r. Hume, a Second Brother, who, tho' he had great prospects from his profession and from Government, yet would cheerfully take the name of Campbell, and bear his Arms. On these terms everything was agreed upon. The Miss Campbells were invited to spend the last night of the Year 1696 at the Chancellor's, where was a kind of Masquerade. The younger of the family (viz., Lady Anne, Lady Jane, and the Miss Humes) were to set the Miss Campbells home in their Masquerade dress to the Justice-Clerk's, attended by Sir

[1] Lady Campbell of Cessnock.

Alex^r. and Sir Andrew. Lord Loudon had laid a plan with some of his Companions to carry Miss Margaret Campbell off from the Masquerade, and would have succeeded if Lady Anne had not been Informed of it, and prevailed on Miss Campbell to change dress with her. In their way to the Justice-Clerk's, Lady Anne walked so like her, held her plaid so much in the same Manner, that his Lordship and his friends carried her off, which she admitted of without saying one word, till they had gone a great way, when she burst out a laughing, and said, "You may as well let me join my Company, as I am not the Lady you take me for!" They made many excuses and let her go. Altho' Sir Alex^r. had Sir George Campbell and Lady Cessnock's consent, he could not prevail on Miss Campbell to marry him till the 29th July 1697.

Major Cawfield, a relation of the family of Cessnock, married a Miss Stewart. They died young, leaving a Son and Daughter. As he had nothing but his Commission, he could only give them a good Education, and on his Death they were left Destitute. The Son died young; the Daughter came to be Governess to the Miss Homes of Birgham. She married a Mr Cranston of Coldstream, by whom she had a Son and several Daughters. The Son was christened Alex^r. Purves, who was put Aprentice to Mr Johnstone, Surgeon in Coldstream; and by going to

Greenland as a Surgeon gained as much as to attend the College at Edinbro'. He, by the assistance of his name-father, Sir Alexander Purves, got on board the Monarque, Captain Duncan, and was in the Action with Admiral Keppell in April 1778. Captain Duncan recommended him as a good officer to Sir Charles Middleton of the Navy Office, who appointed him Surgeon to the "Queen," armed ship. He is now settled a Surgeon in New Bond Street, and has a prospect of making a handsome fortune, and that all by his own merit.

In the beginning of the Winter 1698, Lady Marchmont and her Daughters came to Edinbro'. Lady Julian by the way said, "What an agreeable Winter we are like to spend, as we have our Sister Lady Grizel's House, Sir Alex$^{r's.}$ besides our Father's." Lady Marchmont answered, "Jo, I wish we may not have Water amongst our Wine!" Poor Lady Julian had the greatest share of the former. Sir James Hall had made his addresses to her; when the friends met to Consider the Settlements, Mr W$^{m.}$ Hall said "Lady Anne." "What!" said my Lord, "is Sir James in pursuit of my Daughter Annie? I have never spoke to her on the subject, and can say no more till I have." Whether she was over-persuaded, or had taken some slight pique at Mr Hepburn of Humbie, to whom she had been engaged for many years, it is not

certain. However, she married Sir James Hall.[1] Lady Julian thought herself affronted,—got acquainted with a Charles Bellingham, a Cadet, and of no Fortune nor Birth. She run away with him, and disobliged her Father and other Relations.[2] The Marriage made a great noise, and many songs were made on the Occasion. She was alledged to live in a House that took in Lodgers; there was a thin partition betwixt a Lady's room and hers, who kept a great deal of Company; she heard her own story told in many different ways to the Visitors, and she said a number of years afterwards to her Nieces, that she suffered more from those malicious tongues than by all her poverty,

[1] Lady Anne Hall did not long survive her marriage, as she died at the Dean, near Edinburgh, January 24, 1699. Mr George Home thus notes the sad event in his Diary: "This morning between 5 and 6 Lady Anne Hall died much regretted by all that knew her; the pleasantest, sprightliest young lady I ever knew. I went to my Lord Chancellor's lodging and found him mightily afflicted, yet still under those sentiments and reflections becoming a wise man who has experienced the vanity of creature comforts, and a good and resigned Christian."

[2] Lady Julian's runaway marriage with Mr Bellingham, in January 1698, caused the greatest distress and annoyance to her family. "They say," writes Mr George Home, "he is a handsome young fellow and dances well, but, for anything I hear, has nothing." Lady Grisell wrote to a friend in London—Lady Graden—to make private inquiries about him, and the following account was not one to allay her uneasiness: "That his father was a poor man who had enough to live by a glass-work, of which he was overseer; that this blade and his elder brother, who was a captain in Lindsay's regiment, had formerly been in gaol for robbing on the highway, but had made their escape." In February 1699 Lord Marchmont succeeded in obtaining for his undesirable son-in-law the post of Deputy-Governor of Dumbarton.

and the Anger of her Relations, who never were perfectly reconciled to her, altho' my Lord gave her £500, the fortune he bestowed on his other Daughters, and procured a Commission for Mr Bellingham, who died young, leaving his two Daughters—Jane, married to Colonel Jonys, and Charlotte, married to Mr Hume of Abbey, Minister of Greenlaw.

Sir Andrew Hume got the Estate of Kimmergham from his father, which fell by succession to the family.[1] Sir

[1] The estate of Kimmerghame came into Lord Marchmont's possession in 1710 by the death of Robert Home, the last of the younger branch (descended from George Hume, 5th son of the 6th Baron of Polwarth). This was the "Robie" whom his father, George Home, continually refers to with such intense pride and affection in the curious MS. Diary of which 4 vols. are preserved in the Marchmont library; and which, with occasional breaks, extends from May 1694 to September 1705, in which month the writer died. "He was," says the late Professor Campbell Swinton, in his history of the Swinton family, "a man of middle age, a widower for the second time, with an only son. In his picture of Border life, the central figure is always his famous kinsman, Patrick, Earl of Marchmont. Holding the high position of Chancellor of Scotland, he is described as a kind friend, a generous host, an active country gentleman, deeply interested in everything that occurs in Berwickshire, and consulted regarding the marriage, and revising the settlements, of his every female cousin in the third or fourth degree. Among Kimmerghame's other familiars, besides the restored Laird of Swinton, were Sir John Home of Blackadder, two successive Humes of Ninewells, the grandfather and father of the historian, Carre of Cavers, who was also proprietor of Nisbet, and a whole bevy of lords of Session, including Sir Roger Hog of Bogend, Lord Harcarse, Lord Mersington, and Sir David Home, Lord Crossrig, who was the diarist's uncle. The social habits of these Merse lairds seem to have been sufficiently primitive. Formal invitations and long engagements were unknown, but friends were constantly dropping in,—sometimes at four o'clock in the morning,—and forenoon calls were generally paid after dinner. The fare at these extemporary banquets must often have been somewhat scanty, since we

Andrew made his addresses to Lady Mangerton ;[1] but as he was a younger Brother, and her Jointure very small, she thought it Imprudent to marry him untill he was in

find recorded, as important events, the sending a servant to Berwick for a leg of veal, or to Kelso for half a pound of tobacco and some bread. Kimmerghame, going to visit his cousin, Sir John Home, at Blackadder, takes his son Robie (then about two years old) before him on the black mare, and Robie's woman behind the serving-man. They dine there and return at night. On occasion of a larger gathering at the same hospitable mansion, 'the gentlemen after dinner fell to tossing dogs in a blanket, which' (the journalist adds) 'is a usual divertisement in other places, particularly among the Swissers.' 'They got dogs,' he continues, 'at Greenloan. They are not as yet very dexterous.' Again, Kimmerghame, going to Edinburgh in January 1695, sends to Blackadder for the loan of his black sword, cloak-bag, saddle, and malle-pillion ; and taking horse in the morning dines at 'Jinglekirk,' and comes to town at night, where he lodges 'in Mrs Romes, up Blair's stair, the fourth storey upon the street.' Returning from Edinburgh in March 1698, he gets a place in Sir John Swinton's coach, and 'came to Polwarth House' (or Redbraes Castle) 'about eight.' Arrived there, the writer adds, 'Commissary Home and I were bed-fellows.'"

His Diary, of which copious use has been made in compiling this sketch of the Marchmont family, is closely written in a small neat hand, and abounds in details about his neighbours' affairs. First-cousin-once-removed to Earl Patrick, he was his trusted adviser on business matters, and seems to have filled much the same office to Lord Home. The younger members of the family, especially Lady Grisell and Sir Andrew, made him their confidant in every sort of trouble, the latter pouring into his ears all the details of his unlucky attachment to Lady Mangerton, and his difficulties in setting himself free again.

The state of the weather and the direction of the wind are almost daily noted in the Journal. George Home was also careful to set down any curious saying he came across, such as the following, which he picked up from Lord Polwarth : "You shall be like the town of Dunbar and have the Word of St Bee. You shall never want, you shall never lee, and frost shall never your corn slae."

After Sir Andrew Hume's death, the estate of Kimmerghame was sold in 1738. It had come into the Hume family at the same time as Polwarth by the marriages of the Sinclair heiresses.

[1] Sir Andrew Hume's attachment to the widowed Lady Mangerton much

better Circumstances; and in order that the world might not make reflections, they agreed to meet at a friend's house of hers, the Widow Lady Douglas of Cavers, who had a Large Jointure from Sir W^m^ Douglas. As Sir Andrew went there very often, Lady Grizel Baillie thought her Jointure would be of use to her Brother, proposed it to her Father, and carried on the Matter with such Activity (which was her way when she took a thing in hand) that Sir Andrew was over-persuaded, and had not the Courage to own his Engagements nor to confess to her Ladyship the new Connection he had formed, till Lady Douglas one day said to her, "Indeed, Madam, Sir Andrew Hume is false to you; he is engaged to another." Lady Mangerton enquired who the Lady was. He answered, "Indeed, Madam, it is to myselfe, and Lady Grizel Baillie has been to visit me upon it, which I look upon as a great Honour." Poor Lady Mangerton fainted

annoyed his family, as on many grounds they disapproved of the proposed marriage. Sir Andrew was very much in love, but, as he told the lady himself, "his friends were so much against it, and his father in particular, that he was obliged to give it over." The affair went on for some time, as appears from Mr George Home's Diary—which is full of details on the subject—and caused a certain coolness between Lord and Lady Marchmont and their son. At last, mainly by Lady Grisell's persuasions, Sir Andrew was induced to transfer his addresses to the widow of Sir William Douglas of Cavers; but this affair seemed to promise no better than the other, as the lady showed herself so greedy about money. Lord Marchmont proposed to give his son a fortune of 18,000 marks, but Lady Douglas stood out for 20,000 marks, and endeavoured to get the money settled upon herself in fee simple, should there be no children. In spite of this they were married in April 1700, and appear to have lived together very happily.

away, and soon afterwards married Sir Walter Pringle, Lord Newhall, and was much happier with him than ever she could have been with Sir Andrew Hume, who was too volatile. He had two Sons and four Daughters by Lady Douglas: the eldest Son, Patrick, died young; the other Son, John, was cruelly murdered in Ireland, where he was with his Regiment: the eldest Daughter married her own Cousin, Colonel Waite (?); the second married Mr George Carre of West Nisbit; the third married Mr Charles St Clair of Hermiston; the fourth married Mr Wauchope of Niddry.

Lord Torphichen married Lady Jane Hume, Lord Marchmont's next Daughter, and by her had James,[1] Patrick,

[1] James, Master of Torphichen, eldest son of Lady Jane Hume, fought on the Hanoverian side at Prestonpans. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe has the following note respecting him in his MS. notes to 'Douglas's Peerage':—

"After being desperately wounded, he was carried to Colonel Gardiner's house at Bankton. Mrs Wauchope of Niddrie, whose husband was his relation, and she herself more nearly related, hearing of his disaster, and knowing that his family had fled from Calder, went from Niddrie to render him any aid in her power. She said (as her daughter told me) that the field of battle was a dreadful spectacle, and so shocked she was, that she became faint, and was ready to fall. An officer of the Prince's army seeing a gentlewoman in this condition (her carriage was in attendance) inquired her business. While telling her errand she was informed that the Master of Torphichen was at Bankton. The loyal gentleman advised her to throw her apron over her face, and in that guise led her to the house. Many years after, telling this anecdote to Mr Lumsden at dinner in her own house, she expressed her gratitude, and said she was most desirous to know the name of the person who had been so kind to her. He said, 'I am the man!' He had fled to France soon after. Mr Wauchope was a staunch Jacobite."

The Master of Torphichen never entirely recovered from his wounds, and died in Edinburgh unmarried, April 20, 1749.

Walter, Andrew, Alex^r., George and Robert Sandilands, and three Daughters. Lord Polwarth returned from Flanders, and married Miss Elizabeth Hume, who had been call'd Bride at all these different marriages. She soon afterwards caught a Consumption by being wetted in the Sea at Dunglass. Miss Kattie Hall, afterwards Lady Pitcure, and Lady Polwarth were sitting on a Rock by the Sea with their Backs to it, and never observed the Tide till they were surrounded by it. Lady Polwarth, who was tall, carried Miss Hall out of the Water, went home in her Wet Clothes, which brought on a Consumption of which she never recovered.[1] Her Sister married Mr Johnstone of Hilton, and had four sons and five Daughters by him: the sons all Died young excepting Wynne, who married Miss Margaret Johnstone, daughter to Captain Johnstone, an Agent in Dublin, and Sister to General Johnstone. Sidney, the eldest Daughter, married Sir John Sinclair of

[1] Elizabeth, Lady Polwarth, died at the Abbey of Holyrood on Thursday, December 11, 1701. She had been ill for many months. On June 9, 1701, Mr George Home remarks in his Diary: "Dr Stevenson and Dr Abernethy were at Polwarth House. My Lady P. is still in danger enough. She inclines to go to England. I find the family uneasy about it, yet they don't oppose it. The Drs are not positive about it,—they are neither for baths nor wells, only think travelling may do her good; but she might travel at home, that is, go so far a day and come home at night. The Drs say she will go, and advise to try Durham a little, but I find she has had the air of Richmond near Thames recommended to her by my Lady Dalhousie, and if she be able I fancy she may go there. However, I pity my Lord Polwarth, who must be obliged to trudge about."

Longformacus; Alice married Mr Baird of Newbyth; Grizel married Sir James Home of Manderstone; the rest died young.[1] Lord Marchmont was anxious to have his son marry again after Lady Polwarth's death, for whom he mourned sincerely, and from whom he caught the Consumption. He was not fond to change his situation, and seemed happy that his Brother Sir Alex$^{r's.}$ children should inherit his Titles and Fortune. By this time Sir Alex$^{r.}$ was made a Lord of Session under the title of Cessnock. Lady Cessnock had bore four Sons and four Daughters. Anne was born the 29th July 1698; Grizel, 1701; George, 1704; Patrick, 1706; Hugh and Alexander, Twins, were born 13th Febr$^{y.}$ 1708; Jane, 1710; Margaret, 1712.

In the year of the Invasion, 1708, Lord Polwarth was Colonel of the Seventh (or Queen's) Dragoons. He was asked by Lord Leven (General of the small Army assembled at Leith to prevent the Pretender and his French Troops from Landing) about some movement it was necessary to make. Lord Polwarth, who was displeased at being under the Command of a Gen$^{r.}$ Officer, said: "When the Queen pleases to intrust her troops to me, I shall know how to manœuvre them." Lord Leven, who was not well skill^{d} in Military Affairs, pretended sickness and

[1] A mistake. Another daughter lived to grow up, Sophia Johnstone, who died unmarried. She was very clever, very eccentric, and a great character; and she commonly went by the name of "Aunt Soph." Miss Mary Hume married Mr Johnston of Hilton in 1702.

went home; so left Lord Polwarth to command the Troops, who prevented the French from Landing, and assisted Sir George Byng in taking a fine Ship, the "Salisbury"; and his Lordship got a fine Gold Medal for his share of the prize, which he sent as a present to his Sister, Lady Cessnock. The Justice-Clerk[1] died some years before, leaving her sole Heiress to his Estate on paying 30,000 Merks to each of her Sisters. Miss Christian lived some years with her, and afterwards lived with Lady Gordon, where she married Dr Francis Pringle, Physician in Edinbro', and had by him a Son and two Daughters, George, Margaret, and Mary Anne, who married George Fullerton.

Lord Cessnock,[2] after gaining a disagreeable plea with Anne M'Murran for the Justice-Clerk's Executory, altho' she made an Offer of taking her Name-Daughter Anne[3] to Educate, and to leave to her a Fortune; his Answer was that parents who were in Ability did best to Educate their own Children; and about this time was left to her a Considerable Legacy by Sir W^m^ Maxwell of Calderwood,[4] a near Relation of Lady Cessnock's. He would have left

[1] Sir George Campbell of Cessnock, Lord Justice-Clerk.

[2] Sir Alexander Hume Campbell, Lord of Session under the title of Lord Cessnock.

[3] Lady Anne Hume Campbell, afterwards Lady Anne Purves.

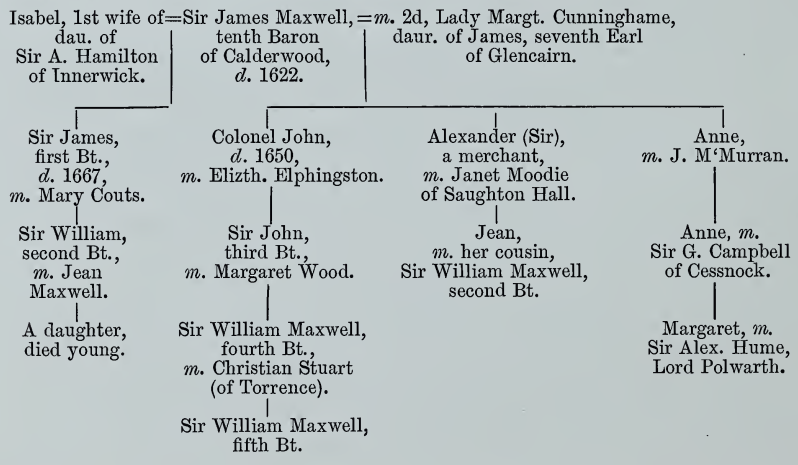
[4] Sir William Maxwell, second baronet of Calderwood, *d.s.p.* He was first cousin to Anne M'Murran, Lady Campbell of Cessnock.

her his whole Estate, if she had been a Son, but he took a prejudice against women from a sad Misfortune his only child had met with. He had sent her into Edinbro' to be Educated under the care of his Sister, who made her sleep in a Room without a Lock, near to where her Husband's Clerk slept, who Imposed upon her Youth and Simplicity. When her Father heard she was with Child, he treated her with the Utmost Severity, boarded her in a farm-house, and would not be prevailed on to see her, even when she was dying, altho' she sent a message to him that her Heavenly Father had assured her of pardon, and hoped her Earthly Father would not refuse his. He always said after this, that Women were like Wine Glasses, easily crack't, but never to be mended. He would have had Lord Cessnock to contract a marriage between his cousin W^m^ Maxwell, who afterwards succeeded him, and was Sir W^m^, and his eldest Daughter Anne; but Lord Cessnock said he thought parents had no power to Contract marriages for their Children, till they were of age to give their own Consent.

Sir William's Fate was very odd. His Father was the Eldest of Three Sons, whose Father had left his fortune to them on Condition they contracted no more Debt than 30,000 Merks upon the Estate. Sir W^m.'s^ Father spent that sum, and then offered up the Estate to his Second Brother, who was an Officer, but of so good a Disposition that he would not accept of it, and desired his Brother to

keep it, till he spent his 30,000 Merks likewise, which was soon done. The Third Brother, a Merchant, thought all the Estate would go the same way, therefore accepted of it; he had but one Daughter, who was very rich, inheriting her Mother's Fortune. He took home his Nephew, Sir William's Son, to be an Aprentice, but took Care to throw out hints that he would be glad to be nearly Related to him. The young man, who had then succeeded his Father in his Titles, soon got the young Lady's Consent, but would not go away with her, contrary to his Uncle's Inclination, who pretended to be very Angry, but on his wife's Intercession acquiesced, and broke the Severe Clauses of the Entail. The Officer's son came at last to be Heir to Sir William in his Fortune and Title.[1] He married Miss

[1] The above account of the family of Maxwell of Calderwood is so involved that it is difficult to follow without the help of their pedigree :—


Isabel, 1st wife of dau. of Sir A. Hamilton of Innerwick.
Sir James Maxwell, tenth Baron of Calderwood, d. 1622.
m. 2d, Lady Margt. Cunninghame, daur. of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn.
Sir James, first Bt., d. 1667, m. Mary Couts.
Sir William, second Bt., m. Jean Maxwell.
A daughter, died young.
Colonel John, d. 1650, m. Elizth. Elphingston.
Sir John, third Bt., m. Margaret Wood.
Sir William Maxwell, fourth Bt., m. Christian Stuart (of Torrence).
Sir William Maxwell, fifth Bt.
Alexander (Sir), a merchant, m. Janet Moodie of Saughton Hall.
Jean, m. her cousin, Sir William Maxwell, second Bt.
Anne, m. J. M'Murran.
Anne, m. Sir G. Campbell of Cessnock.
Margaret, m. Sir Alex. Hume, Lord Polwarth.

Stuart of Torrence, and was Father to Col[l]· Maxwell of the 20th Regiment, who died at Level. The Family of Maxwell paid the Legacy of £500 to Sir William Purves in the Year 1735, upon Lord Marchmont's giving up a Considerable Claim upon the Estate of Calderwood. The fine Damask Table Linen with the History of Joseph, now at Marchmont House, was a gift from old Sir William Maxwell to Lady Anne Purves.

Lord Polwarth, at last fretted by his Father's and Lady Grizel's Application, consented to marry if they could find a Wife who would give him little Trouble in Courting. His Father proposed Lady Jane Home, Daughter to Charles, Earl of Home, and to Anne Purves; she was called Bonny Jean of the Hirsel. After this he was persuaded to sell his Commission in the Queen's Dragoons to Brigadier Kerr, Brother to the Duke of Roxbrough. My Lord was then so Ill of Consumption as to be obliged to leave Redbraes on account of the Smell of the New Lime, and went to Kelso. He fainted away upon hearing the Drums of his old Regiment beat off. He died at Kelso about the year 1709. His Mother had died about Seven years[1] before of a Cancer in her Breast, which she had Concealed, but Lord Marchmont found it out, and applied to the Physicians in Edinbro', who gave her Mercurial Vomits, which threw the Cancer through her Blood. His

[1] Grizel, Countess of Marchmont, died in Edinburgh, October 11, 1703.

Lordship regretted her during the remainder of his life, and said he must now learn to live, for he had Constantly left his Domestick concerns to her care; and that he was persuaded that if his heart was Dissected, her Image would be seen impressed upon it. Lord Polwarth left the £5000 he got for his Regiment to his Brother Alex^{r}., who gave it to his Father, and was very generous to his Brother's Widow, who from a sense of his kindness gave down one half of her Jointure. She afterwards married Capt. Bruce, and had one Son, who was Christened Home.

Lady Grizel Baillie had married her Eldest Daughter to Sir Alex^{r}. Murray of Stanhope, who was so distractedly fond of her that upon reading in the Newspapers that Miss Baillie was Married, he fainted away, thinking it was Miss Balley of Jerviswood. His Temper was so jealous that even at her Wedding it broke out upon her giving a Kiss to the Bride-man, who picked up her Garter, which she had dropt in dancing a Minuet. The garter would have been returned without the forfeit if the Company had not laughed at him for not claiming a Kiss of the Bride. After living in extreme misery with him—even having a drawn Sword and Loaded Pistols put into the Bed with him—she was under Necessity of being separated from him, upon his writing Letters to her threatening her life. He afterwards went out in the Rebellion 1715. Lady Murray secretly caused Lodgings to be found for him in

Prison, and probably got his Pardon. He died in Poverty, after many Schemes of finding Silver Mines, and other Projects, in the year 1743.

Lord Marchmont lived at Redbraes till the year 1717, till his Friends thought the Damp of the Country would affect his Health, so prevailed with him to buy a House in Berwick, and got Lady Julian Bellingham to take care of him. Alex$^{r.}$ Lord Polwarth was sent Ambassador to Copenhagen. During his absence Lady Polwarth died in the year 1722. Her Sons were all then abroad; her Daughters came and lived with their Grandfather at Berwick, who died at the age of 85 Years in the Year 1725, and was Buried in the Cannongate Churchyard, Edinbro'. She left Two Sons and Three Daughters. Their Father, Lord Marchmont, had been 5 Years Ambassador at Copenhagen, and afterwards three years Plenipotentiary to the Congress of Cambray, where the whole States of Europe were assembled to Conclude the peace between the Emperor Charles Six and Philip the Fifth of Spain. My Lord found out from the first Ambassador of Spain, that Philip was going to abdicate his Crown in favour of the Prince of the Asturias. They agreed to give up several points to the Emperor, which before that they had obstinately insisted upon, but they were plagued with the Second Ambassador of Spain, who was a Weak man, and not to be trusted with such an Important Secret. By his Immense folly they

were prevented from Concluding the peace, till the news of the Abdication came. My Lord, by certain Intelligence after this, learned that the Spaniards and Austrians were negotiating a Separate peace by means of the Duke de Riperda. His Lordship immediately set off to the Hague without leave, that Britain might not have such a Slight put upon her. This separate peace was Concluded as my Lord judged, and he was obliged to remain at the Hague till King George the First sent him a pardon. He had then three Sons and four Daughters; but Lord Polwarth, after being at the Academy at Nancy, where the Duke of Loraine was so pleased with him, that he wrote to my Lord that it was an Honour to be Father to such a Son — the celebrated Mr Maclaurin[1] was with him as his Governor—his Lordship died of a Fever at Montpelier.[2] His Sister Lady Grizel, through perfect Grief, died of the same kind of Fever, as did Lady Margaret at 12 years of age of a Consumption. Lady Jane was very ill of a Fever

[1] Colin Maclaurin, a famous mathematician and geometrical scholar, born 1698, died 1746. At the age of nineteen he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Marischal College at Aberdeen. He was admitted a member of the Royal Society when only twenty-one, and in 1725 was appointed Professor of Mathematics at the University of Edinburgh. He published several philosophical works, and a life of Sir Isaac Newton, for whom he had the greatest admiration and affection. His eldest son was the well-known Scotch judge, Lord Dreghorn.

[2] George, Lord Polwarth, born 17th January 1704, died 13th October 1724.

at Tyninghame. The very day his Lordship came to Cambray, his Wife Lady Polwarth died in Edinbro', and left a number of private injunctions to her Eldest Daughter Anne relative to her Family and her other Concerns, who had Conceal[d] the death of her Elder Son from her. My Lord lost his Father, Son, and 2 Daughters before he returned from Cambray. His Brother Lord Kimmergham[1] was appointed Lord of Session in his room.

Lady Grizel Baillie's family continued to live at Mellerstain, altho' Rachel her Second Daughter was married to Lord Binning, Son to Lord Haddington: she had Three Sons and two Daughters,—the present Lord Haddington; George, who took the name of Baillie when he came of age, and is now in possession of the Estate of Jerviswood; Grizel, who married Earl Stanhope.

Lady Julian Bellingham lived many years at Berwick after her father's death; and Lady Torphichen died at Calder House in the Year 1752. Lord and Lady Marchmont[2] had two Sons and two Daughters, who survived them. Hugh, the present Earl of Marchmont, married Anne Western, by whom he had Three Daughters,—Anne, who married Sir John Paterson of Eccles, and has one

[1] Sir Andrew Hume, appointed a Lord of Session as Lord Kimmerghame, November 25, 1714. He died 1730.

[2] A mistake. Margaret, Lady Polwarth, did not live to be Lady Marchmont.

Daughter;[1] Margaret, who married Col. James Stuart, Brother to Mr Stuart of Torrence, and who died suddenly by a fright in crossing the Forth from Kinghorn to Leith when she was big with child;[2] Diana, married Mr Scott of Harden, and has a son and Daughter.[3]

My Lord's Second Son Alex^r. was a Councellor, had great success in the Law, and was Created Lord Register of Scotland.[4] Anne married Sir W^m. Purves of Purves, Bar^t.,' has one Son and Three Daughters.[5] Jane married Mr Nimmo of Edinbro', and died without issue.[6]

[1] Lady Anne Paterson was married at Redbraes, Oct. 2, 1755, and died at Newcastle, July 27, 1790. Her only child Anne married in 1778 Sir Philip Anstruther, Bart., but died childless in 1822.

[2] Lady Margaret Stuart was married September 20, 1763, and died childless in Edinburgh, January 7, 1765.

[3] Lady Diana Scott was married at Redbraes, April 18, 1754, and died July 23, 1827. Her only son, Hugh Scott of Harden, claimed and was allowed the Barony of Polwarth in 1835. He was the fourth Lord Polwarth.

[4] Alexander Hume Campbell, born February 13, 1708, M.P. for Berwickshire. In 1756 he was appointed Lord Clerk Register of Scotland for life. He married Mrs Elizabeth Perris of London, and died without issue in 1760.

[5] Lady Anne Hume Campbell married Sir William Purves, Bart., and died in 1784, leaving one son, Sir Alexander Purves, Bart.

[6] Lady Jane Nimmo was married in January 1748, and died October 10, 1770. Mr Nimmo was Receiver-General of the Excise in Scotland.

PEDIGREE OF THE H

MARGARET = R
2d daughter and heiress of John Sinclair of Polwarth. | 2d an Da of

MARGARET, daughter of Sir John Edmonstone of that Ilk, 1st wife. = Sir PATRICK UM Polwarth, Co troller of Sth 1499; *d.* 15

MARGARET, daughter of Robert, 2d Lord Crichton of Sanquhar, 1st wife. = ALEXANDER HUME of Polwarth, *d.* 1532. = MARGARET, daughter of Sir Robert Lauder of the Bass, 2d wife.

GEORGE I MI ancesto the Hun Argaty.

ELIZABETH, daughter of Sir Patrick Hepburn of Waughton. = PATRICK HUME of Polwarth, *d.* before Dec. 1591.

ALEXANDER HUME, ancestor of the Humes of Heugh.

GAVIN HUME, ancestor of the Humes of Rhodes.

MARGARET, *m.* to P. Hepburn of Craig.

AGNES, daughter of Alexander Home of Manderston. = PATRICK HUME of Polwarth, wounded at Cairny; *d.* 1592.

Sir ALEXANDER HUME of North Berwick, Provost of Edinburgh 1591; *d s.p.* 1608.

ADAM HUME, Rector of Polwarth; left issue.

MARGARET, *m.* John Baillie of John's Kirk.

ANNE, *n* French of dyk

JULIAN, daughter of Sir Thomas Kerr of Fernihurst, sister of Robert, Earl of Somerset; she *m.*, 2dly, Thomas, 1st Earl of Haddington. = Sir PATRICK HUME of Polwarth, Master of the Household to James VI., and Warden of the Marches; *d.* 1609.

ALEXANDER HUME, Rector of Logie, left issue.

GAVIN HUME of Johnscleuch, left issue.

Sir JOHN HUME of North Berwick, ancestor of the Humes of Castle Hume in Ireland.

DAVID HUM of Rowiesto

CHRISTIAN, daughter of Sir A. Hamilton of Innerwick; she *m.*, 2dly, Robert, 3d Lord Jedburgh. = Sir PATRICK HUME of Polwarth, created a baronet 1625; *d.* 1648.

THOMAS HUME of Coldstream.

JOHN HUME.

JAMES HUME.

GEORGE HUME of Kimmerghame.

JULIAN, *b.* 1629; *m.* to Richard Newton of that Ilk.

GRISELL, daughter of Sir Thomas Ker of Cavers; *m.* 1660; *d.* 1703. = Sir PATRICK HUME of Polwarth, *b.* 1641; created Lord Polwarth, 1690; created Earl of Marchmont, 1697; Chancellor of Scotland, 1696; *d.* 1724.

CHRISTIAN, *b.* 1643; *d.* 1666.

ALEXANDER HUME, *b.* 1644; Colonel in the Russian service; *d.* at Moscow, 1676, *unm.*

PATRICK, Lord Polwarth, *b.* 1664; *d s.p.* 1709; *m.*, 1st, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir J. Hume of Castle Hume; she *d.* 1701; *m.*, 2dly, Lady Jane Home, daughter of Charles, 6th Earl of Home. Lord Polwarth was Colonel of the 7th Queen's Dragoons.

GRISELL, *b.* 1665; *d.* 1746; *m.*, 1690, George Baillie of Jerviswoode; left issue, two daughters—Grisell, *m.* Sir A. Murray of Stanhope, *d.s.p.* 1759; Rachel, *m.* Charles, Lord Binning, and left issue.

CHRISTIAN, *b.* 1668; *d. unm.*, 1688.

ROBERT HUME, *b.* 1669; *d. unm.*, 1692.

JULIAN, *b.* 1673; *m.*, 1698, Charles Bellingham.

ANNE, *b.* 1698; *d.* 1784; *m.* Sir William Purves, Bt. of Purveshall.

GRISELL, *b.* 1701; *d.* 1724, *unm.*

GEORGE HUME, Lord Polwarth, *b.* 1704; *d., unm.*, at Montpelier, 1724.

PATRICK HUME, *b.* 1706; *d. unm.*, 1724.

A

Sir ALEXANDER PURVES, Bt., *d.* 1812; *m.* Miss Le Blanc; left with other issue.

Sir WILLIAM PURVES HUME CAMPBELL, Bt., *b.* 1767; *m.* Charlotte, widow of —— Standish; died 1833.

Sir HUGH HUME CAMPBELL, Bt., *b.* 1812; *m.*, 1st, 1834, Margaret, daughter of John Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode—their daughter Helen *m.*, 1854, Sir George Warrender, Bt., and *d.* 1875, leaving issue—*m.*, 2dly, 1841, Juliana, daughter of Gen. Sir J. Fuller. She died 1886.

PATRICK, Lord Polwarth, *d.* in childhood.

ANNE, *m.*, 1755, Sir John Patterson of Eccles; *d.* 1790; her only child, Anne, *m.* Sir Philip Anstruther, 1778; *d.s.p.* 1822.

MARGARE Gen. Jan *d.s.p.*

HUMES OF POLWARTH.

PATRICK HUME,
d son of David Hume,
nd grandson of Sir
)avid Hume, 1st Baron
f Wedderburn.

ME of ═ ELLEN, daughter of Sir James Shaw of Sauchie, and widow of Archibald Halyburton, 2d wife.
omp-
land,

E, | ALISON, *m.* Sir James Shaw of Sauchie. | JANET, *m.* Sir Andrew Kerr of Fernihurst. | MARION, *m.* Sir William Baillie of Lamington. | MARGARET, Abbess of North Berwick.
of
of

THERINE, *m.* to Robert Pringle of that Ilk. | ISABEL, Abbess of North Berwick.

rny-

GEORGE HUME of Drumchose. | JEAN, *m.* to David Hume of Law. | AGNES, *m.* to Edmonstone of Woolmet. | MARGARET, *m.* to Sir Thomas Cranston of Corsbie.

ROBERT HUME of Hawkslaw. | ELIZABETH, *m.* Sir James Carmichael. | JEAN, *m.* Christopher Cockburn of Choicelee. | SOPHIA, *m.* Joseph Johnstone of Hilton.

MARGARET, ═ Sir ALEXANDER, 2d Earl of Marchmont, K.T., *b.* 1675; Lord Clerk Register; Ambassador to Denmark, 1716; Ambassador Extraordinary to the Congress of Cambray, 1722; *d.* 1740.
aughter of Sir
)rge Campbell
of Cessnock;
m. 1697;
d. 1722.

Sir ANDREW HUME (Lord Kimmerghame), *b.* 1676; *d.* 1730; *m.*, 1700, Dowager Lady Douglas of Cavers; left issue—Elizabeth, who *m.* G. St Clair, and left issue; and Helen, who *m.* Andrew Wauchope of Niddrie, and left issue.

ANNE, *b.* 1677; *m.*, 1698, Sir James Hall of Dunglas; *d.* 1699.

JEAN, *b.* 1683; *m.* Lord Torphichen, 1703; left issue.

, daughter of ═ HUGH, 3d Earl of Marchmont, ═ ELIZABETH, daughter of —— Crompton; *m.* 1748; *d.* 1797; 2d wife.
Thomas Wes-
; *m.* 1731;
747; 1st wife.
b. 1708; Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland 1764; *d.* 1794.

ALEXANDER HUME CAMPBELL, twin with HUGH, *b.* 1708; Lord Clerk Register; *m.* Miss Elizabeth Perris; *d.s.p.* 1760.

JEAN, *b.* 1710; *m.* James Nimmo; *d.s.p.* 1770.

MARGARET, *b.* 1712; *d.* 1724, *unm.*

., 1763,
tuart;
5.

DIANA, *m.*, 1754, Walter Scott of Harden; *d.* 1827.

HUGH SCOTT, *b.* 1758, who successfully claimed the Barony of Polwarth in 1835; 4th Lord Polwarth; *d.* 1841.

ALEXANDER, Lord Polwarth, *b.* 1750; created Baron Hume of Berwick, 1776; *m.*, 1772, Lady Amabel Yorke, afterwards Countess de Grey; *d.s.p.* 1781.

APPENDIX

His Excellency

Alexander Earle of Marchmont Viscount of Blasonberry Lord Polwarth of Polwarth Redbraes & Greenlaw Knight of the most noble order of ỹ Thistle His Majesties Amb: Extraordinary & Plenipotentiary to ỹ Congress at Cambray Lord Clerk Register of Scotland. Lord Leutenant & Sherif of Bernicksture A: 1725

APPENDIX I.

THE COUNTESS OF MARCHMONT'S BILLS OF FAIR

WHILE HER HUSBAND THE LORD CHANCELOR WAS COMMISSIONER TO THE PARLIAMENT IN 1698.

SATTURDAY THE 23 DAY OF JULLY 1698.

BILL FOR DINNER.

Pottaig suntie.
Rost Ham & Chickns, 6.
Sum stued Rabets.
Rost mutton with cuttlots.
Dooh pay.
Hotch potch of mutton.
Rost tung and udder.
Vaille La Sture.
Rost beefe.

frigasie of chickns, 6.
Suiet breads.
boyld powding.
grand sellet.
Scotts Collops.
a Ryce powding.
stued trouts.
ollives of vaill.

beefe Royell.
Rost Vaille.
boyld tung & udder.
minth paye.
Cods head.
Rost mutton.
Calves head with Barkon.
Rost Lambe.
Pottaige.

2 dish of fish *to relleve.*

Rost wyld foull, 16.
Rost Rabets, 6.
Lobesters, 6.
Rost old buck & 6 young.
Coulard Salmond.
Rost geese, 3.
Could ham and tungs.
Rost pigs, 3.
a dish of tarts.

portigall egges.
Artichocks.
Tansie.
sust pige.
maron powding.
beefe alla mode.
portiegall egges.
pies.

a dish of tarts.
Kattie warks, 12.
Rost piges, 3.
Rost Rabets, 6.
Rost Chickns, 16.
fish marnott.
Rost ducklings.
Soles.
Wyld foull, 16.

TO THE COMPTROLLER'S TABLE.

beefe alla mode.
vaill paye.
Lamb collopes.

boyled beefe.
pottaig.
Rostmutton.

Ragow of Rabets.
boyled salmond.
green sellet.

To relleve.

a dish of foulls of all sorts, 16.
A dish of tarts.

FRIDAY THE 26 DAY OF AUGUST 1698.

BILL FOR DINNER.

pottaige.
Rost beefe.
Patatie paye.
A chine of mutton.
hottch pottch of mutton.
boyled mutton.
a dish of fishe.
Rost Lambe.
Boyled tung & udders, 8.

Ragow of Rabets.
A flforintown.
Chickens alla Creme, 6.
Grand sellet.
Sheepshead collops.
Stewed markrall.
Bark Powding.
Compost of pigeons, 6.

Rost Vaill wt Coutllots.
Mutton demoy.
Rost tungs & udders, 8.
Grand hashie.
a pottaige.
Rost mutton wt Coutlots.
Rabet paye.
beefe Royell.
pottaige.

To Relleve.

hot ham and Chickens, 10.
Cod's head.

Rost wyld foull 8 & Chickins 6.
a duck paye.
Rost piges, 3.
Rost hens, 6.
Rost rabets, 7.
fish marnel.
Rost duck, 8.
buttered Crabes.
a dish of tarts.

gellie.
Portigall eges.
oysters demoy.
sust pige.
gellie.
Lobsters.
gellie.

Rost turkies and young ons, 6.
a dish of tarts.
Rost Rabets.
Could ham and tungs.
Rost geese, 3.
a frusher.
Rost hens, 6.
Rost piges, 3.
Rost wyld foull 8, & Chickins 6.

TO THE COMPTROLLER'S TABLE.

Rost mutton.

Rost beefe.
Pottaige.
Boyld mutton.

a dish of fish.

Rost hens, 5, *to Relleve.*

SATTURDAY THE 27 DAY OF AUGUST 1698.

BILL FOR DINNER.

Bark powding.
Ragow of Lamb.
Stued whytons.

Rost Vaille.
Barlie Broath.
Rost mutton.

pigeons conding, 8.
moyed dinge.
Green sellet.

A Chickne paye *to relleve.*

Second Course.

Artichocks.
Could pigeon paye.
nemllet.

Rost wyld foull 4, & Chickns 10.
A could tart hot againe.
Rost pigeons, 18.

portigyall eges.
Rost Rabet, 6.
sust piges.

TO THE COMPTROLLER'S TABLE.

Rost Lambe.	boyled beefe. broath. Rost mutton.	a dish of fish.

SUNDAY THE 28 DAY OF AUGUST 1698.

BILL FOR DINNER.

pottaig alla ryne. gellie. Rost beefe. Lobesters. a pigeon paye. portigall eges. Rost hens, 6. pigeon compost, 8. Rost mutton with Cuttllots. boyld powding. Rost Rabets, 7. scots collopes. Rost pigeons, 20. gellie. Rost kid. green sellet. a dish of tarts.	*To Relleve.* wyld foull 8, & Chickns 6. Chickns 6, and pigeons 14.	rost mutton in blood. could bark powding. a dish of tarts. gellie. Rost geese, 3. Ragow of Rabets, 3. Ragow of Lamb. grand sellet. pottaige. olives of Mutton. Rost Mutton with Couttllots. gellie. Rost hens, 6. frydd skaite. chickn pay. portigall eges. pottaige.

TO THE COMPTROLLER'S TABLE.

Rost Lamb.	Rost beefe. Pottaige. Boyld mutton.	Rost mutton.

Rost hens 5, *to Relleve.*

[The butler's wine-bill for the same Sunday has also been found, and gives a clue to the number of persons entertained.]

SABBATH, THE 28TH AUGUST 1698.

	V.	C.	S.	G.	P.	M.[1]
Lord Pollworth	0	0	1	0	0	0
Mr Andrew	0	0	0	0	0	1
Sr James Hall	0	0	0	0	0	1
My Lord before dinner	0	0	2	0	0	2
My Lord's table	1	18	7	2	4	0
Controller's table	0	02	0	0	0	0
pages	0	01	0	0	0	0
kitchen	0	02	1	0	0	0
trumpett	0	01	0	0	0	0
the bills drawing	0	01	0	0	0	0
My Lord after dinner	0	01	0	0	0	0
Captain Mitchell	1	00	0	0	0	0
Ainchinye hume	0	01	0	0	0	0
Left out all night	0	01	1	0	0	1
Confectionar	0	01	0	0	0	0
	2	29	12	2	4	5

[1] These letters stand for the following liquors: V., *eau de vie;* C., *claret;* S., *sherry;* G., *gin;* P., *port;* M., *Madeira.*

APPENDIX II.

Two Songs by Lady Grisell Baillie.

"WERENA MY HEART LICHT I WAD DEE!"

There was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men;
She biggit her bonnie bouir doon in yon glen;
But noo she cries, Dule and a-weel-a-day!
Come doon the green gate, and come hereaway.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said there were nane half sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings, an' mony braw things,
An' werena my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee Tittie that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She raised sic a pother 'tween him and his mother,
That werena my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be;
The wife took a dwam and lay doun to dee.
She maned and she graned out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vowed he never wad see me again.

APPENDIX III.

GEORGE I. TO THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Madame ma Sœur et Fille,—Le Sieur Alexandre Lord Polwarth Fils ainé du Comte de Marchmont, qui va en qualité de mon Envoyé Extraordinaire et Plenipotentiaire auprès de mon bon Frère et Gendre le Roy de Prusse, votre Epoux, a ordre en même tems de vous marquer l'affection très singuliere que J'ay pour vous; Je ne doute nullement que vous n'ajoutiés une Foy entiere à tout ce que vous dira en mon Nom une Personne de cette distinction, que J'ay bien voulu charger de mes affaires à Votre Cour. Et ce sera toûjours une Recommendation des plus fortes auprès de vous qu'il vient de ma part, qui suis avec beaucoup de passion,

Madame ma Sœur et Fillie,

Vostre tres affectionné Frère et Père,

George R.

A St James, *ce* 14*me Maij* 1716.

À Madame ma Sœur et Fille
la Reine de Prusse.

CAROLINE PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

St James, *le* 26*ieme Maij* 1716.

Monsieur mon Frère,—Le Roy mon Père faisant partir pour la Cour de Vostre Majesté My Lord Polwarth en qualité de son Envoyé Extraordinaire, Je n'ay pas voulu manquer à me servir

d'une Occasion si favorable, pour vous demander la Continuation de vostre amitié, Je me flatte que vous me rendez la justice d'etre persuadé qu'elle m'est infiniment precieuse; et que Je la cultiverai toute ma vie avec le dernier soin, ce dont les Assurances que J'ay chargé My Lord Polwarth de vous renouveller de ma part, vous priant d'ecouter favorablement a qu'il aura honneur de vous dire à cet egard et de croire que je suis tres sincerement,

Monsieur mon Frère,

Vostre tres affectionnée Sœur,

CAROLINE.

Au ROY DE PRUSSE, Monsieur mon Frère.

CAROLINE PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

ST JAMES, *le 26ieme Maij* 1716.

MADAME MA SŒUR,—Je n'ay pas voulu laisser partir My Lord Polwarth sans renouveller à Vostre Majesté les Assurances des Sentimens pleins d'affection que Je conserverai toute ma Vie pour vous, et sans vous demander la Continuation de Vostre amitié. Je l'ay chargé de vous temoigner qu'elle m'est infiniment chere, et que Je me feray toujours un Devoir et un Plaisir d'en serrer de plus en plus les Nœuds etant avec Sincerité,

Madame ma Sœur,

Vostre tres affectionnée Sœur,

CAROLINE.

À la REINE DE PRUSSE, Madame ma Sœur.

APPENDIX IV.

The following verses, addressed to Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, on his father's death, were found in a periodical work of that day.

THE EARL OF MARCHMONT, ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.
BY A PERSON OF DISTINCTION.

Enough of tears! the pious son
  Enough hath wept the honoured sire.
Thy race of glory just begun,
  'Twere more than impious to retire.
Then, spite of hard unequal laws,
Rise in thy sinking country's cause.

Thrice happy youth, whose first essays,
  Judicious, honest, warm, and bold,
In senates gained impartial praise,
  Where conscience, honour, faith were sold;
And strengthening truth, with graceful art,
Poured St John's words from Cobham's heart.

Strange force of virtue thus exprest!
  The guilty catch the sacred flame;
And truth and nature shine confest
  Through adverse power, and pride, and shame.
Tyrants the potent influence own,
And villains screened behind the throne.

Lo! where the lashed offender stands
  Aghast, with anger, fear, surprise!
And now he lifts his trembling hands;
  And now he rolls his haggard eyes!
While all around the conscious tribe
Half wish away the tainting bribe.

Yet farther still, brave youth, proceed,
  Still farther spread the patriot rage;
Heaven gave the power, and claims the deed;
  Then write and eternise thy page;
And, unconfin'd by time and place,
Exhort, and save a better race.

THE END.

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